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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

JAN.
NO. 236

ACTION COMICS

Introducing:
**"SUPERMAN"
NEW
UNIFORM!**

I'LL MISS MY OLD
RED-AND-BLUE COSTUME--
BUT I DARE NOT WEAR IT.
FROM NOW ON **THIS**
MUST BE MY OFFICIAL
UNIFORM!

THE MOST
AMAZING SUIT
IN THE WORLD--
IMMUNE TO FIRE,
ACID AND
BULLETS! WHY
IS HE GIVING
IT UP?



draw



Star of
Brou James—
Life and times of Jimmy
Walker, Paramount.
Technicolor.

Bob Hope!

YOU MAY WIN A \$375.00 SCHOLARSHIP IN PROFESSIONAL ART

Contest winner gets a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning. As winner, you're coached, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many successful artists today have studied with this school, founded over 40 years ago. Try for this free art course! Prize includes a drawing outfit and valuable art textbooks.

USE 1 COUPON—
THEN PASS THIS PAGE ON TO A FRIEND

DRAW BOB HOPE'S HEAD 5 inches high.
Use pencil. Drawings for December 1957
contest must be received by December
31. None returned. Winner notified.
Amateurs only. Our students not eligi-
ble. Mail your drawing today.

③ ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 11507
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing in your
contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ County _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone _____

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SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IF SUPERMAN EVER FOUND IT NECESSARY TO DISCARD HIS FAMOUS SUPER SUIT, WHAT NEW COSTUME WOULD HE ADOPT? WELL, YOU WILL SEE THE AMAZING ANSWER IN THIS TALE, WHEN THE FAMILIAR BLUE-RED-AND-YELLOW SUIT THAT HAS BEEN HIS LIFELONG TRADEMARK IS REPEATEDLY, YET, UNKNOWN TO THE MAN OF STEEL, HIDDEN DANGER LIES AHEAD WHEN HE WEARS...

SUPERMAN'S NEW UNIFORM!

IS IT A BIRD?
A PLANE? NO...
MY GOODNESS! IT'S
SUPERMAN!

BUT MOMMY...
I THOUGHT
SUPERMAN
LOOKED LIKE
THAT!

DONATE
TO
SUPERMAN
CHARITY
FUNDS

PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO
GET USED TO ME IN
MY NEW COSTUME! MY
OLD SUPER SUIT IS
GONE FOREVER! I'LL
MISS IT... (CHOKES!)

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IN METROPOLIS ONE DAY, SUPERMAN ANSWERS A MESSAGE LEFT FOR HIM AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...



PROFESSOR XAVIER CARLTON, THE RENOWNED NUCLEAR SCIENTIST, WANTS TO SEE ME AT HIS LAB! SAID IT WAS URGENT!

THE SCIENTIST MAKES A SURPRISING REQUEST.

IT IS NOT YOU I NEED, **SUPERMAN...** BUT YOUR **SUPER SUIT!** I WOULD LIKE TO BORROW IT FOR **METALLO** TO WEAR TEMPORARILY!

YOU MEAN THAT... ER... ROBOT? BUT WHY?



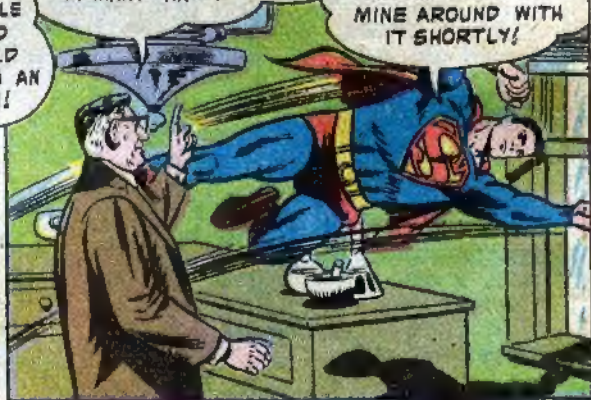
I JUST PERFECTED THIS ROBOT, BUT I HESITATE TO TEST IT! IF ITS ATOMIC MOTOR IS DEFECTIVE, IT MIGHT EXPLODE AND BLOW UP HALF THE CITY!

I SEE! BUT IF THE ROBOT WORE MY INVULNERABLE UNIFORM, NO DAMAGE WOULD RESULT FROM AN EXPLOSION!



PRECISELY! BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, SHOULD THE ROBOT PROVE A SUCCESS, IT WILL BENEFIT CIVILIZATION IN MANY WAYS!

THEN IT'S WORTH-WHILE LOANING YOU MY SUPER SUIT! I'LL SEND A...ER...FRIEND OF MINE AROUND WITH IT SHORTLY!



IN NEARBY SECLUSION, SUPERMAN CHANGES TO THE GUISE OF HIS "FRIEND,"... NAMELY, CLARK KENT, HIS OTHER SECRET IDENTITY...

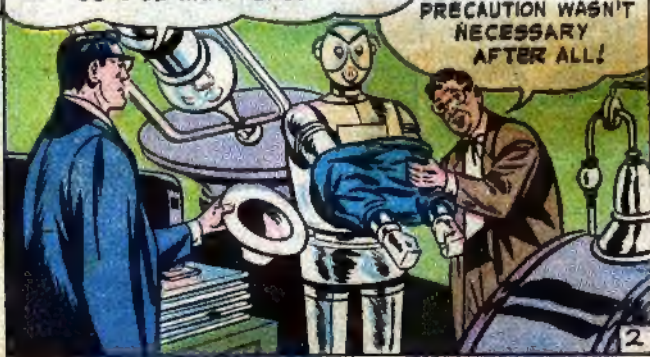
I'LL BE THE "DELIVERY MAN" AND COVER THE STORY FOR THE **DAILY PLANET**, AT THE SAME TIME!



AFTER CLARK DELIVERS THE SUPER SUIT FOR ITS UNIQUE PURPOSE...

SUPERMAN WANTS ME TO BRING BACK HIS SUIT AS SOON AS YOUR EXPERIMENT IS FINISHED, PROFESSOR. SO I'LL WAIT HERE!

NOW IT WILL BE SAFE TO TURN ON MY ATOMIC-POWERED ROBOT! I HOPE THIS PRECAUTION WASN'T NECESSARY AFTER ALL!





BUT WHEN THE ROBOT'S INTERNAL ENGINE IS SWITCHED ON BY REMOTE CONTROL...

IT-- IT'S A FAILURE! IT BLEW UP!

WHEW! LUCKY THING MY INVULNERABLE SUIT WAS USED... IT MUFFLED THE FULL FORCE OF THE VIOLENT EXPLOSION!



KENT, YOU OPEN WINDOWS AND LET THE SMOKE OUT, WHILE I RETRIEVE **SUPERMAN'S UNIFORM!**

GOOD IDEA... (COUGH!)



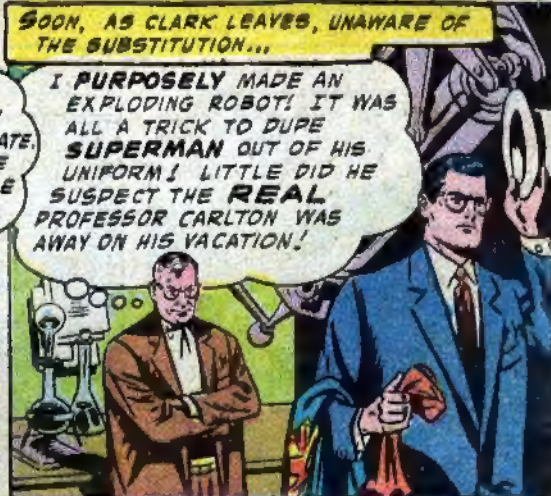
BUT CLARK DOES NOT SEE WHAT OCCURS, UNDER COVER OF THE SMOKE...

AH, NOW TO SWITCH SUITS! I HAD THIS IMITATION SUIT READY, AN EXACT DUPLICATE. KENT WILL DELIVER THIS ONE BACK TO **SUPERMAN**, WHILE I KEEP HIS REAL SUPER UNIFORM!



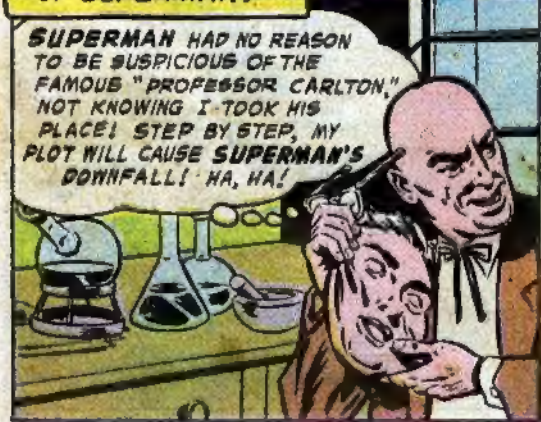
SOON, AS CLARK LEAVES, UNAWARE OF THE SUBSTITUTION...

I PURPOSELY MADE AN EXPLODING ROBOT! IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO DUPE **SUPERMAN** OUT OF HIS UNIFORM! LITTLE DID HE SUSPECT THE **REAL** PROFESSOR CARLTON WAS AWAY ON HIS VACATION!



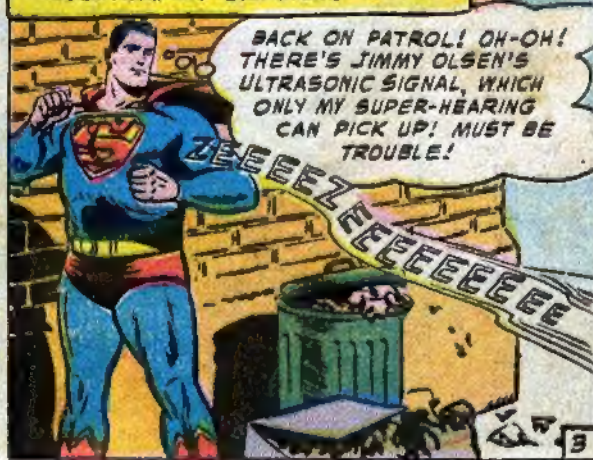
UNDER A FALSE MASK, THE SCHEMING IMPOSTOR REVEALS HIMSELF AS LUTHOR, RENEGADE SCIENTIST, ARCH ENEMY OF SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN HAD NO REASON TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF THE FAMOUS "PROFESSOR CARLTON," NOT KNOWING I TOOK HIS PLACE! STEP BY STEP, MY PLOT WILL CAUSE **SUPERMAN'S** DOWNFALL! HA, HA!



WHEN CLARK KENT CHANGES BACK, LITTLE DOES SUPERMAN SUSPECT HE IS WEARING A COUNTERFEIT UNIFORM!

BACK ON PATROL! OH-OH! THERE'S JIMMY OLSEN'S ULTRASONIC SIGNAL, WHICH ONLY MY SUPER-HEARING CAN PICK UP! MUST BE TROUBLE!



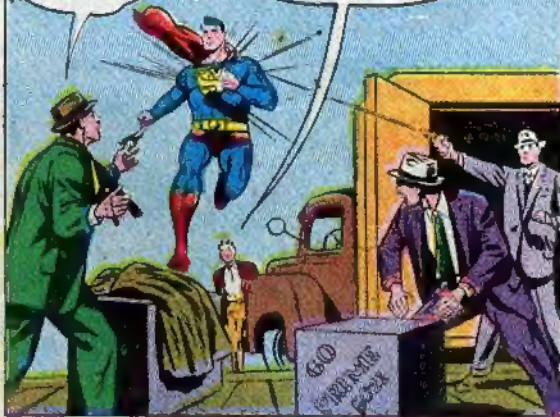
ACROSS TOWN, AS SUPERMAN SWIFTLY
FOLLOWS THE SIGNAL EMANATING FROM THE
CUB REPORTER'S WRISTWATCH...

PSST... SUPERMAN! I
STUMBLED ON THOSE CROOKS
HIJACKING THAT FUR
WAREHOUSE! NAB
THEM!



YIPES...
SUPERMAN!
OPEN
FIRE!

A LOT OF GOOD THAT
DOES! BULLETS ONLY
BOUNCE FROM HIM!



BUT...

GOOD GRAVY! AM I--
I SEEING THINGS?
THE BULLETS ARE
MAKING HOLES IN MY
UNIFORM!



AFTER THE
CAPTURE...

GOSH, SUPERMAN!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR SUPER
SUIT? HOW COULD
BULLETS RIP IT?

I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT, JIMMY! MY UNIFORM
WAS MADE OF
INDESTRUCTIBLE CLOTH
WOVEN ON THE PLANET
KRYPTON WHERE I WAS
BORN-- CLOTH WHICH WAS
FOUND IN THE ROCKET
THAT BROUGHT ME TO
EARTH!



BUT IN THE
FOLLOWING
HOURS,
LUTHOR'S
NON-SUPER
SUIT
SUFFERS
MORE
DAMAGE,
TO
SUPERMAN'S
BAFFLED
DISMAY!

OMIGOSH! THE
FRINGE OF MY
CAPE CAUGHT
FIRE!



STOPPED THAT
LIGHTNING BOLT...
YIPES! NOW THE RAIN
MADE THE COLOR
OF MY CHEST
EMBLEM RUN!



IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL BE IN TATTERS BEFORE LONG! HMM... DID SOME CHANGE OCCUR IN MY SUPER SUIT DURING THAT EXPERIMENT WITH THE NUCLEAR ROBOT? I'LL CHECK WITH PROFESSOR CARLTON!



AT THE LAB, DISGUISED LUTHOR IS READY WITH A GLIB EXPLANATION...

MY WORD! BY SHEER ACCIDENT, FREAKISH RADIATIONS FROM THE EXPLODING ROBOT WEAKENED THE VERY ATOMIC STRUCTURE OF YOUR SUPER SUIT! TOO BAD!

IN OTHER WORDS, MY UNIFORM LOST ITS INVULNERABILITY!



THE END OF MY FAMOUS SUPER SUIT... (CHOKES!)

OH, I FEEL TERRIBLE, **SUPERMAN!** BUT WITH THE HELP OF SEVERAL SCIENTISTS WHO ARE FRIENDS OF MINE, I'LL DEVISE A **NEW** SUPER SUIT FOR YOU! LET ME TAKE YOUR MEASUREMENTS!



WHAT IS LUTHOR'S STRANGE PLAN? HOW CAN A NEW UNIFORM BRING ABOUT **SUPERMAN'S DOWNFALL**...

LINK BY LINK, I'M FORGING **SUPERMAN'S DOOM!**

COME BACK IN A WEEK AND YOUR NEW SUIT WILL BE READY!

BUT THE WEAKENED SUIT I'M WEARING NOW WON'T LAST A WEEK! AND I...ER... HAVEN'T A THING ELSE TO WEAR! WHAT'LL I DO?



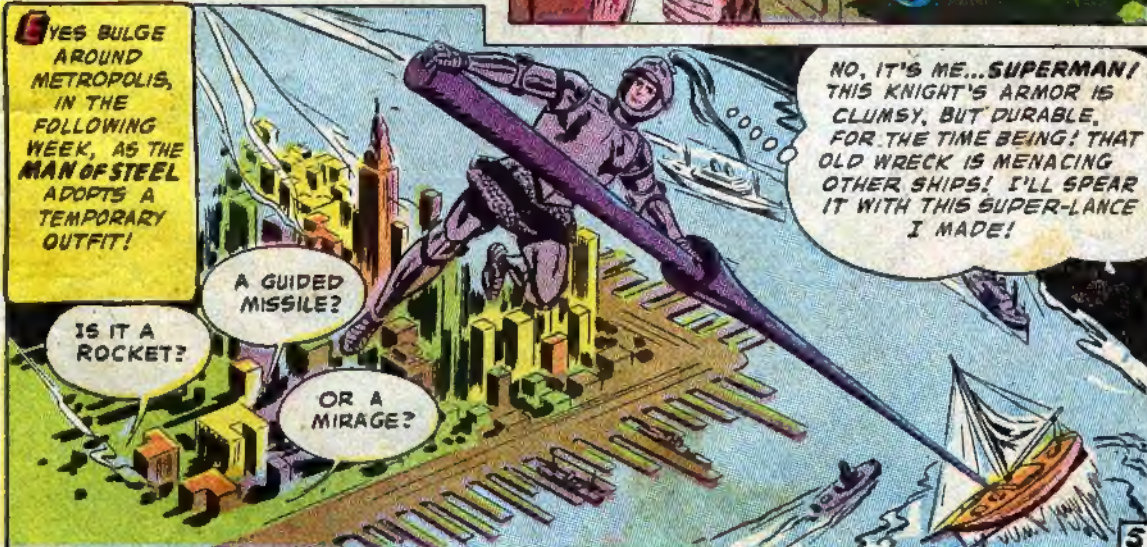
EYES BULGE AROUND METROPOLIS, IN THE FOLLOWING WEEK, AS THE **MAN OF STEEL** ADOPTS A TEMPORARY OUTFIT!

A GUIDED MISSILE?

IS IT A ROCKET?

OR A MIRAGE?

NO, IT'S ME... **SUPERMAN!** THIS KNIGHT'S ARMOR IS CLUMSY, BUT DURABLE, FOR THE TIME BEING! THAT OLD WRECK IS MENACING OTHER SHIPS! I'LL SPEAR IT WITH THIS SUPER-LANCE I MADE!

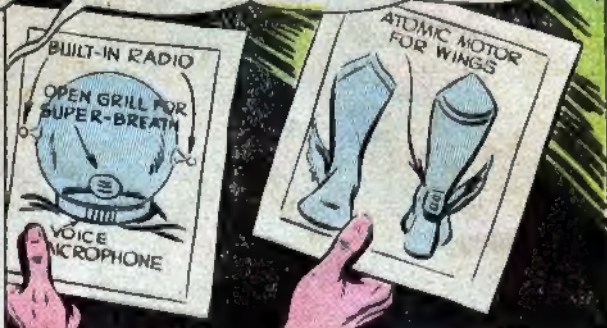


A WEEK LATER, SUPERMAN'S NEW UNIFORM IS READY, SECRETLY DEVISED BY DISGUISED LUTHOR HIMSELF...

MY SCIENTIST FRIENDS INVENTED THIS SYNTHETIC CLOTH FOR YOU. SEE HOW INDESTRUCTIBLE IT IS -- IT IS IMMUNE TO FLAME!

HMM... DOESN'T LOOK BAD EITHER! BUT WHY THE PLASTIC HELMET AND OTHER NEW FEATURES?

THE HELMET IS A RADIO UNIT WHICH ENABLES YOU TO PICK UP ALL POLICE AND DISTRESS CALLS! THE WINGED BOOTS WILL FLY YOU **SILENTLY** WHEN NECESSARY SO THAT THE USUAL **WHOOOSH** YOU MAKE WHEN YOU SPEED THROUGH THE AIR WON'T BETRAY YOUR PRESENCE!



YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE TELL-TALE FINGERPRINTS WITH THOSE GLOVES ON! AND YOUR NEW SUIT **GLOWS** IN THE DARK, ENABLING PEOPLE TO IDENTIFY YOU AT NIGHT!

HMM... NOT BAD! IT SEEMS TO BE A **BETTER** UNIFORM THAN MY OLD ONE!



NOW FOR THE BIG SURPRISE, **SUPERMAN**, FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE OTHER GADGETS! THIS BELT WILL SAVE YOU FROM **KRYPTONITE**!

GREAT SCOTT! HOW DOES IT WORK?



When SUPERMAN uses HIS X-RAY VISION...

I CAN'T SEE INSIDE!

IT IS LEAD-LINED, IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE DELICATE MECHANISM FROM ANY RADIATIONS! IT IS TOO SCIENTIFIC TO EXPLAIN, BUT IF YOU'RE SKEPTICAL THAT IT WORKS, FIND **KRYPTONITE** AND I'LL GIVE A PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION AT THE PARK!

WHY HAS LUTHOR DEVISED PROTECTION AGAINST THE ONE SUBSTANCE IN THE UNIVERSE FEARED BY SUPERMAN?

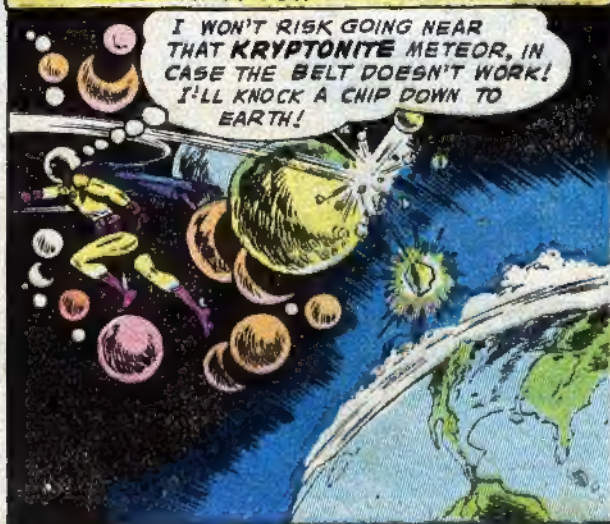
ONLY **KRYPTONITE** CAN DESTROY **SUPERMAN** -- YET BY MAKING HIM THINK HE IS **IMMUNE** TO IT, I WILL SEAL HIS DOOM!

I'LL FIND **KRYPTONITE** IN SPACE FOR THE DEMONSTRATION!



IN SPACE, WHERE MANY CHUNKS OF THE EXPLODED PLANET **KRYPTON** DRIFT NEAR EARTH...

I WON'T RISK GOING NEAR THAT **KRYPTONITE** METEOR, IN CASE THE BELT DOESN'T WORK! I'LL KNOCK A CHIP DOWN TO EARTH!



BELOW, AS THE DISGUISED LUTHOR WAITS IN METROPOLIS PARK...

THE NEXT STEP IN MY PLOT IS TO HAVE WITNESSES SEE THAT **SUPERMAN** IS IMMUNE TO **KRYPTONITE**! THAT CHUNK HURLED DOWN FROM SPACE BURIED ITSELF IN THE DIRT!



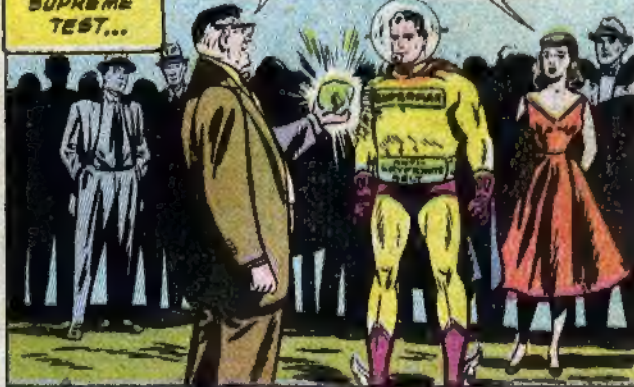
I'LL PRETEND TO PULL IT UP BUT REALLY SUBSTITUTE THIS **FAKE KRYPTONITE** IN ITS PLACE! **SUPERMAN** WON'T SUSPECT, SINCE HE HIMSELF SENT THE REAL STUFF DOWN!



AND WHEN **SUPERMAN** MAKES THE SUPREME TEST...

COME CLOSER, **SUPERMAN**! DON'T BE AFRAID!

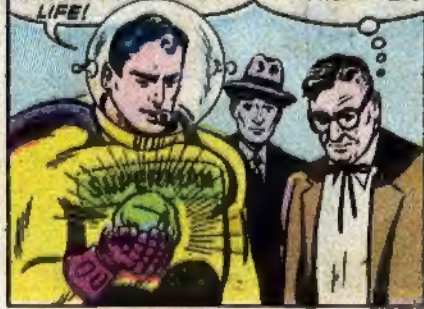
GOSH--LOOK! **SUPERMAN** ISN'T WEAKENING AS HE APPROACHES THE DEADLY **KRYPTONITE** RAYS!



FINALLY, UNAWARE THAT IT IS FALSE **KRYPTONITE**...

I--I CAN EVEN HOLD IT! I NEED NEVER FEAR THIS ELEMENT AGAIN, THANKS TO THE **ANTI-KRYPTONITE BELT**! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

YOUR JOY WON'T LAST LONG, **SUPERMAN**! LITTLE DO YOU KNOW THE TRUE SECRET OF THE BELT!



ON PATROL LATER, **SUPERMAN** FINDS THE OTHER FEATURES OF HIS NEW UNIFORM ALSO USEFUL...

MY HELMET RADIO PICKED UP A SHIP'S DISTRESS CALL!

SOS! SOS! CAUGHT IN ICEBERG PACK... NORTH ATLANTIC... HELP!



AFTER ROCKETING TO THE SCENE...

THE OPEN GRID IN MY HELMET ALLOWS ME TO USE MY SUPER-BREATH AS USUAL!



I'LL BLOW A CLEAR PATH THROUGH THE ICEBERG PACK FOR THE TRAPPED SHIP!



LATER, BACK IN METROPOLIS, WHEN A BRIDGE WEAKENS...



THE GLOVES PREVENT MY FINGERPRINTS FROM BEING PRESSED INTO THE STEEL AS I APPLY SUPER-FORCE! NOW LET LOIS LANE OR ANYONE ELSE TRY TO MATCH MY PRINTS WITH THOSE I LEAVE ABOUT IN MY SECRET IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT!

BIDDING HIS TIME, LUTHOR ANTICIPATES THE CLIMAX OF HIS SECRET PLAN!

I PURPOSELY MADE ALL THE PARTS OF **SUPERMAN'S** NEW UNIFORM GOOD SO THAT HE'LL HAVE CONFIDENCE IN THE **ANTI-KRYPTONITE BELT**. BUT WILL HE BE SHOCKED WHEN HE USES IT! HA, HA!



MEANWHILE, THE MAN OF STEEL'S NEW UNIFORM CONTINUES TO SERVE HIM WELL! WHEN MOUNTAINEERS ARE TRAPPED...

I'LL SAVE THEM...WAIT! THE CONCUSSION-SOUNDS I CAUSE WHILE FLYING AT SUPER-SPEED ARE CAUSING LAND-AL SLIDES!



HERE'S WHERE I CAN USE THE WINGED BOOTS!

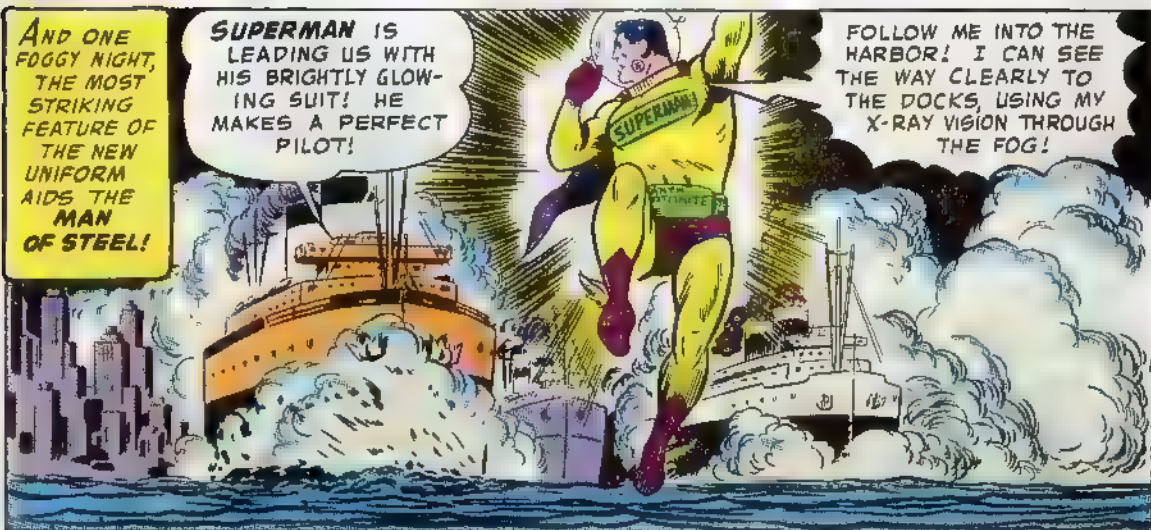
THEY PROPEL ME SILENTLY! NO DANGER NOW OF THE VIBRATIONS LOOSENING ROCK AND CRUSHING THOSE MOUNTAINEERS BEFORE I REACH THEM!



AND ONE
FOGGY NIGHT,
THE MOST
STRIKING
FEATURE OF
THE NEW
UNIFORM
AIDS THE
MAN
OF STEEL!

SUPERMAN IS
LEADING US WITH
HIS BRIGHTLY GLOW-
ING SUIT! HE
MAKES A PERFECT
PILOT!

FOLLOW ME INTO THE
HARBOR! I CAN SEE
THE WAY CLEARLY TO
THE DOCKS, USING MY
X-RAY VISION THROUGH
THE FOG!



YET AT TIMES, SUPERMAN SIGHS AS
OLD MEMORIES ARE STIRRED...

MY NEW UNIFORM IS
GREAT, BUT SOMETIMES
I MISS HAVING MY OLD
SUIT! I--I WISH IT
HADN'T FALLEN APART
AFTER THAT EXPERIMENT
WITH THE
ROBOT!



IT HASN'T, SUPERMAN! AND NOW, LUTHOR
BRINGS IT FORTH FROM HIDING, DONNING IT
HIMSELF.

ZERO HOUR IS HERE! SUPERMAN
IS SCHEDULED TO ATTEND A
PUBLIC CEREMONY TO ACCEPT A
BIG DONATION FOR HIS LATEST
CHARITY DRIVE! WITH HIS
SUIT AND THIS RUBBER MASK,
I'LL PASS FOR THE
ORIGINAL SUPERMAN!



LATER, AT METROPOLIS SQUARE, CONFUSION IS
CREATED WHEN TWO SUPERMEN APPEAR IN THE OLD
AND NEW COSTUMES!

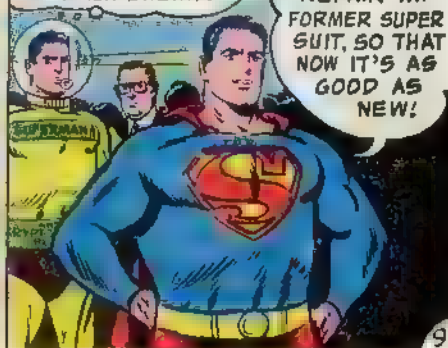
IN GRATITUDE FOR YOUR
SERVICES, WE MAKE THIS
DONATION TO YOUR CHARITY
DRIVE, SUPERMAN...

THEN GIVE IT TO ME,
THE REAL SUPERMAN...
NOT THAT IMPOSTOR!



HE'S THE IMPOSTOR,
OF COURSE! I'LL USE
MY X-RAY VISION TO
PENETRATE HIS FALSE
FALSE MASK!...GREAT
SCOTT! IT--IT'S LUTHOR,
MY ARCH ENEMY!

YOU SEE,
FOLKS,
LAST
NIGHT I
FOUND A
WAY TO
REPAIR MY
FORMER SUPER
SUIT, SO THAT
NOW IT'S AS
GOOD AS
NEW!





ACTION COMICS



LUTHOR QUICKLY ARRANGES A TEST TO PROVE HE IS WEARING THE GENUINE SUPER SUIT...

SHOOT, OFFICER! NOTICE... NO BULLET HOLES!

BUT-BUT HOW DID LUTHOR GET HOLD OF MY REAL SUIT?



AFTER REPAIRING MY SUPER SUIT, I DISCARDED THE OTHER UNIFORM, WHICH THAT IMPOSTOR EVIDENTLY PICKED UP! HE POSED AS ME... **SUPERMAN**... TO SWINDLE YOU OUT OF THE CHARITY MONEY!

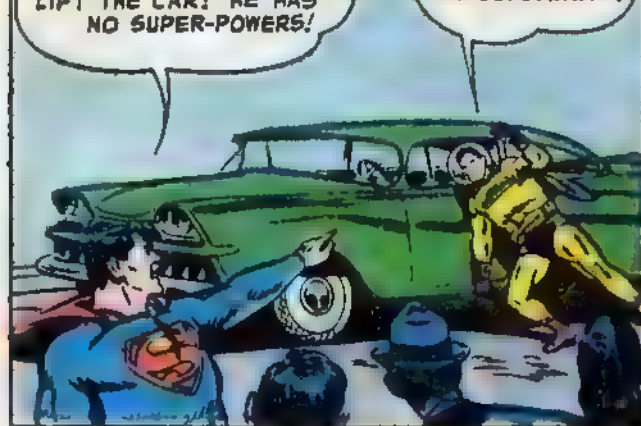
YOU FOOL! I CAN EASILY **PROVE** I'M **SUPERMAN** BY LIFTING THAT CAR WITH MY SUPER-STRENGTH!



TO SUPERMAN'S CONSTERNATION...

SEE, FOLKS? HE CAN'T LIFT THE CAR! HE HAS NO SUPER-POWERS!

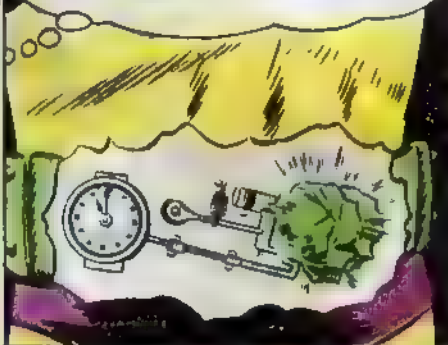
BUT I--I TELL YOU I **AM SUPERMAN!**



HMM... NOW I SEE! LUTHOR MUST HAVE POSED AS THE PROFESSOR AND SWITCHED SUITS ON CLARK, AFTER THE ROBOT EXPLODED! BUT WHAT DOES HE HOPE TO GAIN BY THIS? I'LL KEEP MUM AND SEE!

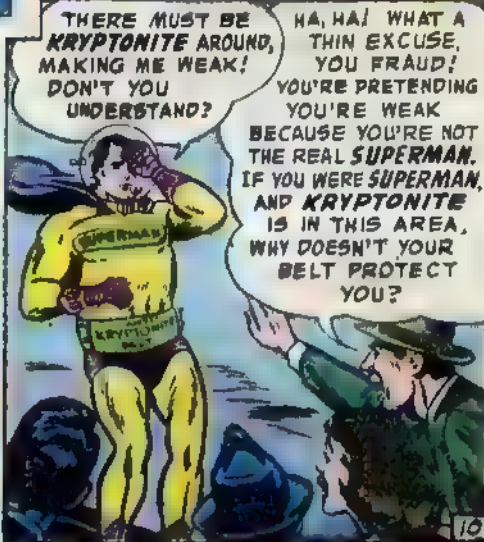


NO HE WON'T... OR MY NAME ISN'T LUTHOR! IN HIS BELT, A TIMING DEVICE IS NOW RELEASING **ACID!** IT WILL DISSOLVE AWAY LEAD-FOIL THAT PREVIOUSLY STOPPED THE DEADLY RAYS RADIATING FROM A LUMP OF **KRYPTONITE!**



THERE MUST BE **KRYPTONITE** AROUND, MAKING ME WEAK! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

HA, HA! WHAT A THIN EXCUSE, YOU FRAUD! YOU'RE PRETENDING YOU'RE WEAK BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT THE REAL **SUPERMAN**. IF YOU WERE **SUPERMAN**, AND **KRYPTONITE** IS IN THIS AREA, WHY DOESN'T YOUR BELT PROTECT YOU?



SUPERMAN IS BAFLED BY THE IRONIC TRAP SPRUNG BY LUTHOR!

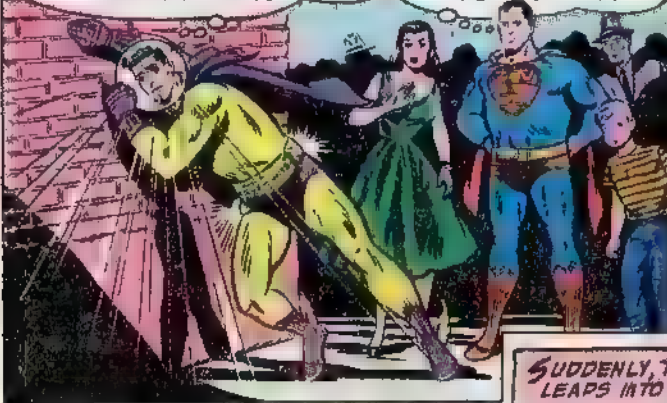
UNABLE TO FATHOM LUTHOR'S SINISTER SECRET, SUPERMAN FACES DOOM...

MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS NO HIDDEN KRYPTONITE NEARBY! YET I'M WEAKENING FAST... (GULP!)

HAH! WHAT A MASTER STROKE, HIDING KRYPTONITE INSIDE HIS ANTI-KRYPTONITE BELT... THE LAST PLACE HE'D GUESS!

NO, OFFICER, DON'T ARREST HIM FOR IMPERSONATING ME! POOR FELLOW SEEMS ILL!

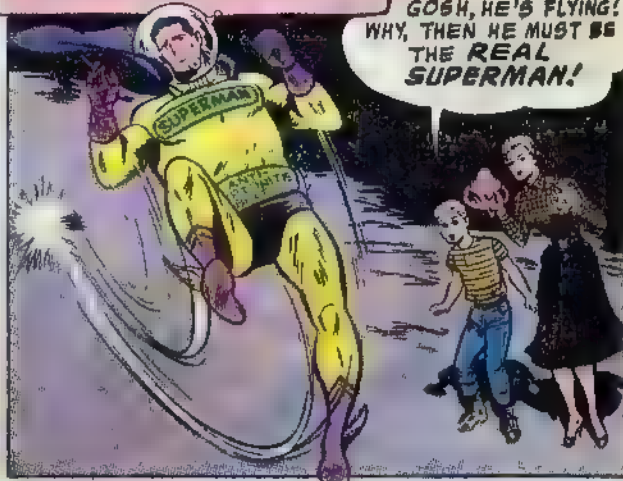
IF NOBODY REMOVES THE BELT, THE DEADLY KRYPTONITE RAYS WILL FINISH SUPERMAN OFF... FOREVER! HA, HA!



SUDDENLY, THE WEAKENED SUPERMAN LEAPS INTO DYNAMIC ACTION!

THERE MUST BE KRYPTONITE AROUND... BUT WHERE? IF I DON'T SOLVE LUTHOR'S CUNNING TRICK SOON, I'M FINISHED!... (GASP!)

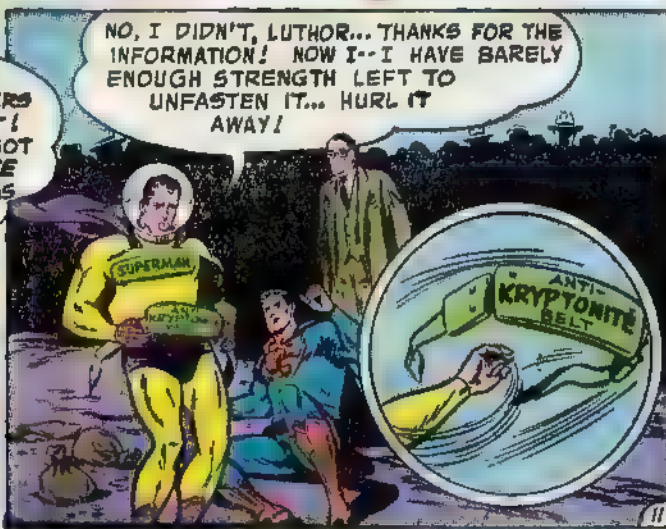
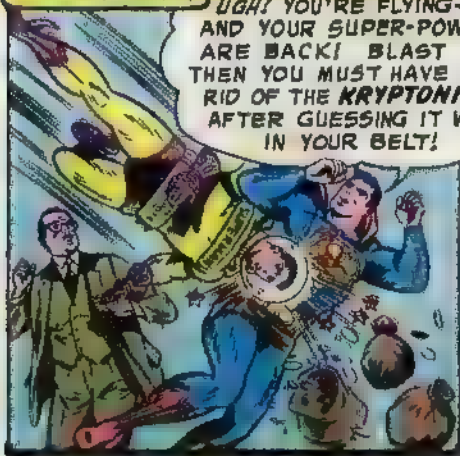
GOSH, HE'S FLYING! WHY, THEN HE MUST BE THE REAL SUPERMAN!



THE FLYING FORM APPEARS JUST AS THE FAKE SUPERMAN ACCEPTS THE DONATION...

UGH! YOU'RE FLYING-- AND YOUR SUPER-POWERS ARE BACK! BLAST IT! THEN YOU MUST HAVE GOT RID OF THE KRYPTONITE AFTER GUESSING IT WAS IN YOUR BELT!

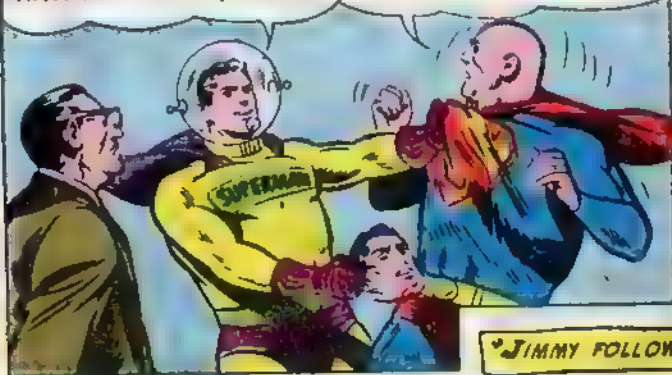
NO, I DIDN'T, LUTHOR... THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! NOW I-- I HAVE BARELY ENOUGH STRENGTH LEFT TO UNFASTEN IT... HURL IT AWAY!



SHORTLY, WHEN THE FATAL WEAKNESS LEAVES SUPERMAN...

I TRICKED YOU INTO REVEALING WHERE THE KRYPTONITE WAS, LUTHOR!

BUT-BUT IF THE KRYPTONITE WAS STILL IN YOUR BELT, HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO FLY?



"WHILE LYING SPRAWLED, WEAKENING FAST, I SENT AN ULTRASONIC SIGNAL TO MY YOUNG PAL, JIMMY OLSEN!"

(GASP!) ... ONE CHANCE... USE SUPER TAPPING WITH MY FINGER... SEND CODE TO JIMMY...



AT THE DAILY PLANET, JIMMY'S SUPERMAN SIGNAL WATCH PICKED UP MY ULTRASONIC CODE...

GOSH, SUPERMAN'S IN DESPERATE TROUBLE!

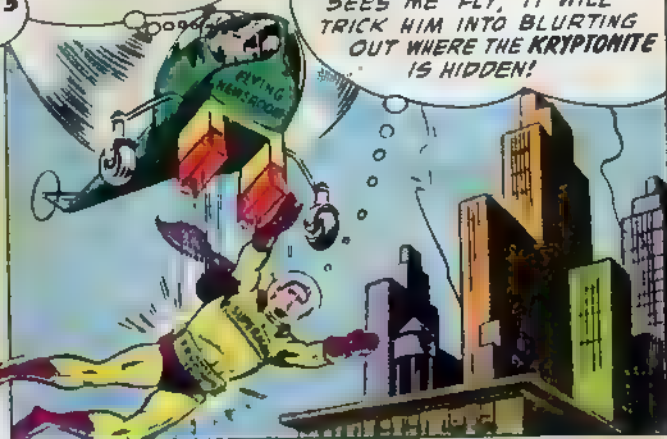
U-R-G-E-N-T... U-S-E... F-L-Y-I-N-G... N-E-W-S-R-O-O-M...



"JIMMY FOLLOWED MY INSTRUCTIONS AND..."

I RIGGED A POWERFUL MAGNET MAGNET UNDERNEATH!

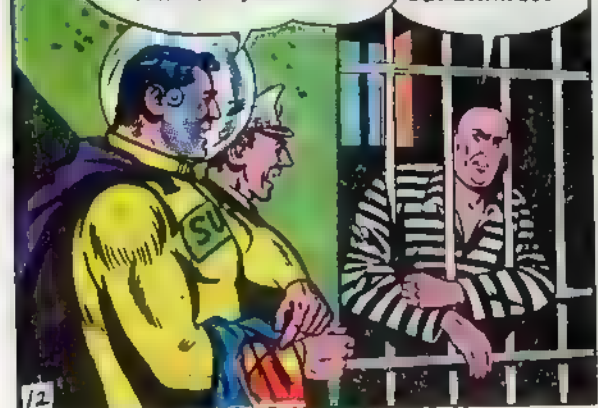
THE MAGNETIC PULL ON IRON PARTS OF MY HELMET AND BELT LIFTED ME INTO THE AIR! WHEN LUTHOR SEES ME "FLY," IT WILL TRICK HIM INTO BLURTING OUT WHERE THE KRYPTONITE IS HIDDEN!



SOON...

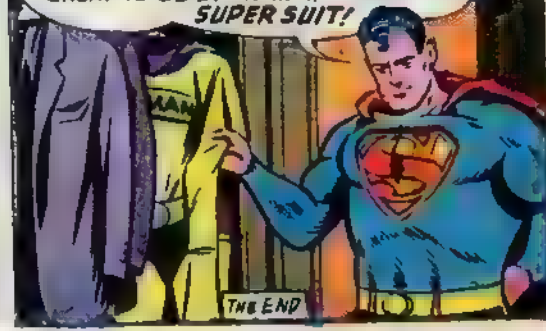
THEY GAVE YOU A BRAND-NEW JAIL SUIT! YOU HARDLY NEED MY SUPER SUIT ANYMORE, LUTHOR!

BAH! DON'T RUB IT IN, SUPERMAN!



FINALLY, AT CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT...

I MAY FIND USE FOR THE NEW UNIFORM AGAIN SOMETIME BUT RIGHT NOW I'LL LET IT JOIN MY OTHER SOUVENIRS! AH!... IT SURE FEELS GREAT TO BE BACK IN MY GOOD OLD SUPER SUIT!



The Kings of Comedy!



**EACH
ISSUE A
MIRTH-
QUAKE!**

**ASK FOR THESE MAGAZINES
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!**



The LINE of STARS!





SCIENCE
says you're
WRONG
if you
BELIEVE
THAT--

ALL METEORS ENTER THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AT THE SAME VELOCITY.



ABOUT HALF OF THE METEORS INVADE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE TRAVELING LESS THAN 26 MILES PER SECOND, WHILE THE REMAINDER HAVE VELOCITIES GREATER THAN THAT!

COMETS HAVE ONLY ONE TAIL.



ACTUALLY, MANY COMETS SWEEPING THROUGH SPACE HAVE TWO OR MORE TAILS. THE COMET OF 1774 HAD MANY TAILS. MANY COMETS APPARENTLY NEVER DEVELOP A TAIL AT ALL!

THE SKY IS BLUE.



PARTICLES OF AIR, DUST, AND WATER VAPOR IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE SCATTER THE SUN'S LIGHT, SO THAT THE SKY APPEARS BLUE. ACTUALLY, IT IS BLACK!

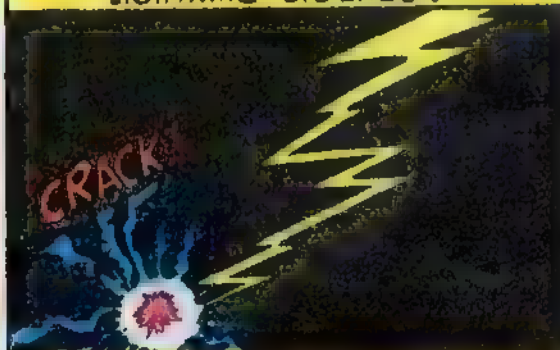
IT SOME-
TIMES GETS
TOO COLD TO
SNOW.

BRRR! ONE CONSOLATION
IS THAT IT'S TOO COLD
TO SNOW TODAY!

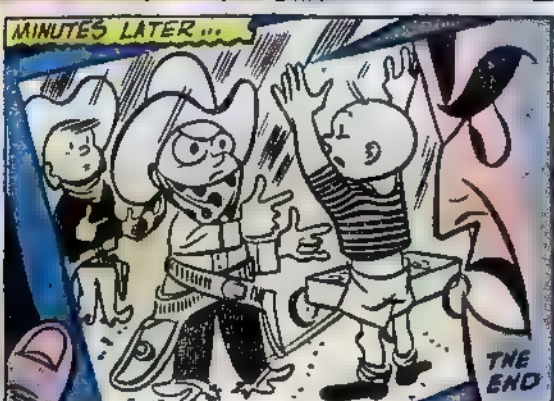
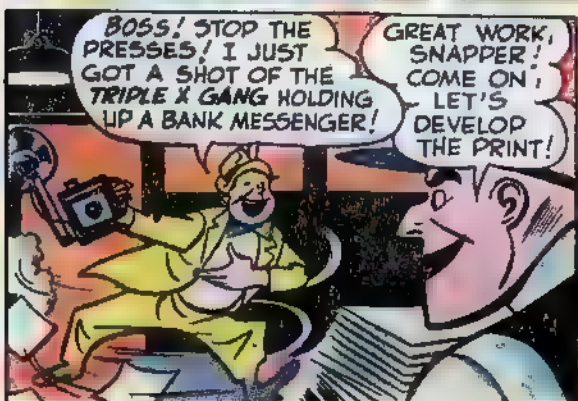
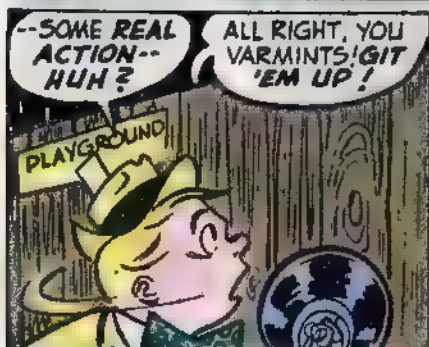
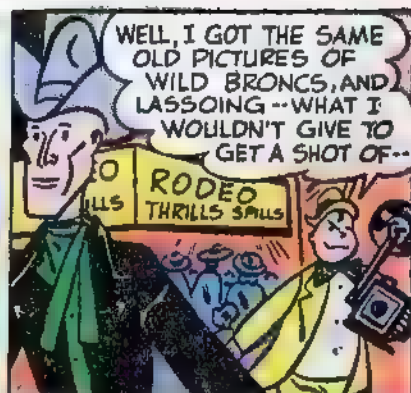
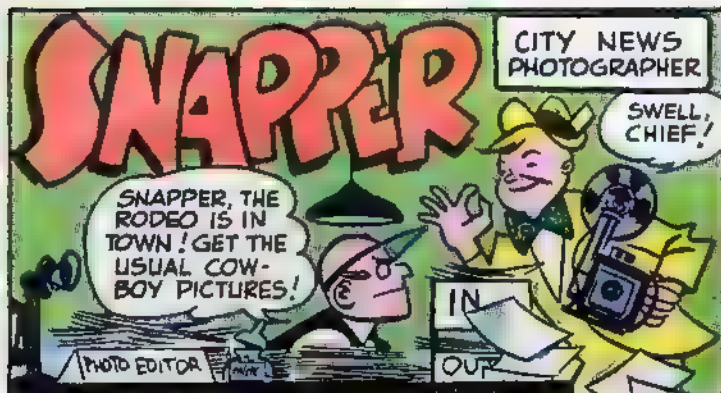
IT NEVER GETS
TOO COLD TO
SNOW IF THERE
IS SUFFICIENT
MOISTURE IN
THE AIR. IN THE
RARE INSTANCES
WHEN THE
TEMPERATURE
IS 50° BELOW
ZERO AND
THERE IS VERY
LITTLE MOISTURE
IN THE AIR, IT
WON'T SNOW.



LIGHTNING ZIGZAGS.



ZIGZAG LIGHTNING IS ONLY A FIGMENT OF OUR IMAGINATION. LIGHTNING CURVES, TWISTS AND BRANCHES OFF LIKE THE LIMB OF A TREE--BUT NEVER ZIGZAGS OR STREAKS IN ACUTE ANGLES.



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

VXSHUPDQ DGZDBV
XVHV KLV PLJKWB
SRZHUV WR DLG
MXVWLFH DQG KHOS
WKH ZRUWKB.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

JAN,

CONGO BILL

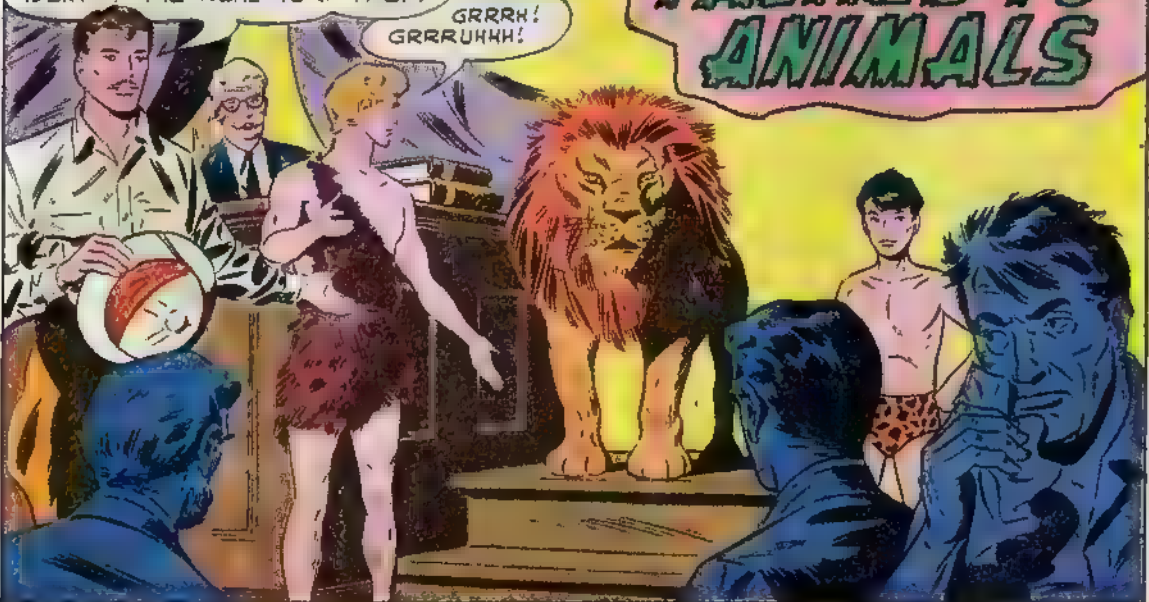
with
JANU
The
Jungle
Boy

AND NOW I WILL CALL UPON
JUNGLE JOE TO SPEAK IN ANIMAL
LANGUAGE AND ASK THIS LION TO
IDENTIFY THE REAL IVORY THEF!

GRRRR!
GRRRUHHH!

THE ROAR OF A LION...THE
TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT...
THE BELLOW OF A HIPPO... AND
THE "CHEEP-CHEEP" OF A CHIMP...
TO ORDINARY FOLK LIKE US, THESE
ARE THE MEANINGLESS SOUNDS OF
THE LIVING JUNGLE...BUT TO
JUNGLE JOE, EVERY SOUND
WAS A WORD... FOR THIS
AMAZING FRIEND OF CONGO BILL'S
WAS...

THE MAN WHO TALKED TO ANIMALS



ONE DAY, AS CONGO BILL AND HIS YOUNG
FRIEND, JANU, ENTER THE COURTROOM
AT THE MOKAMBA POLICE OUTPOST...

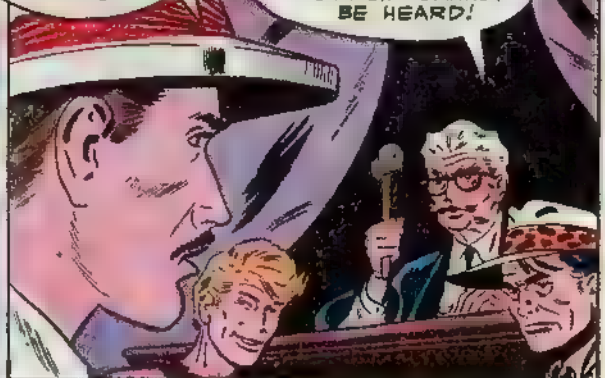
I SAW **JUNGLE JOE**
STEAL THOSE IVORY
TUSKS, JUDGE!

ROGER OAKES LIES,
YOUR HONOR! I SAW
HIM STEAL THE TUSKS
HIMSELF!

NEXT INSTANT, AS THE FAMED EXPLORER'S VOICE
RINGS OUT IN THE CRUDE COURTROOM...

JUDGE-- I'VE KNOWN
JUNGLE JOE FOR
YEARS! I KNOW
HE WOULDN'T
STEAL!

I ADMIRE YOUR LOYALTY,
CONGO BILL-- BUT UNLESS
YOU WERE AN EYEWITNESS
TO THE CRIME, YOUR
TESTIMONY CANNOT
BE HEARD!



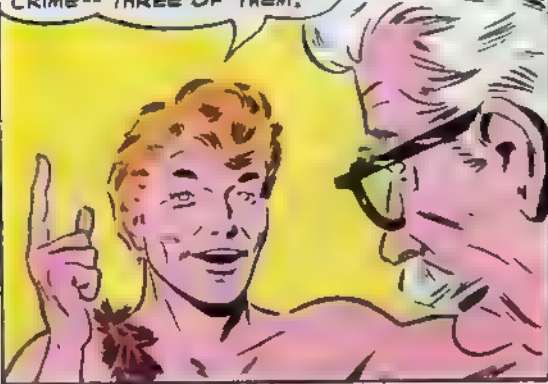
SUDDENLY...

EYEWITNESSES!
WAIT, YOUR HONOR--
I REMEMBER NOW-- THERE
WERE EYEWITNESSES TO THE
CRIME-- THREE OF THEM!

GOOD! NOW WE'RE GETTING
SOMEWHERE! WHO WERE
THEY?

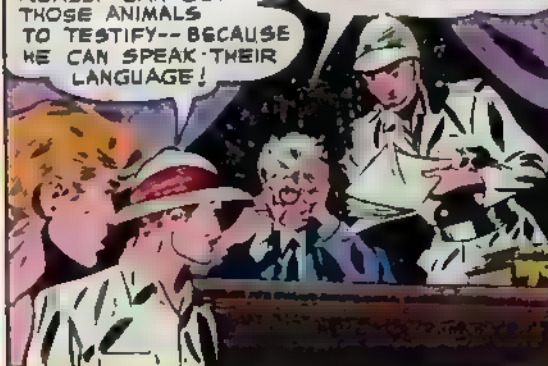
LET'S SEE NOW...
THERE WAS A GIRAFFE...
A LION... AND A BABOON!
ALL OF THEM WITNESSED THE
CRIME-- AND ALL WILL GLADLY
TESTIFY FOR ME, I'M SURE!

ARE--ARE YOU
TRYING TO MAKE
A FOOL OF ME?
I'VE A GOOD
MIND TO FIND
YOU GUILTY
RIGHT NOW!



HOLD ON, JUDGE... LET ME
EXPLAIN!... **JUNGLE JOE**
IS NOT JOKING-- HE
REALLY CAN GET
THOSE ANIMALS
TO TESTIFY-- BECAUSE
HE CAN SPEAK THEIR
LANGUAGE!

IT--IT MUST
BE THE HEAT!...
GO ON, CONGO BILL.
KEEP EXPLAINING!



"**JUNGLE JOE WAS A TINY TODDLER
WHEN HIS PARENTS DIED IN THE
JUNGLE... AND THE INFANT WOULD
HAVE PERISHED, TOO-- EXCEPT FOR
A SHARP-EYED RHINO WHO FOUND
HIM AND...**"



"**STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE
LITTLE BABY WAS ADOPTED BY
THE WHOLE JUNGLE... AND IT
BEGAN GROWING UP AS ONE
OF THEM...**"



"**IN TIME, HE HAD A CHANCE
TO LIVE WITH ALMOST EVERY
TYPE OF ANIMAL... LEARNING
ALL THEIR WAYS...**"



"**AND SPEAKING THEIR
LANGUAGE...**" **TRRRR-
KA-CHEEP!**
**EEKA-TI-KA--
CHEEP! CHEEP!**



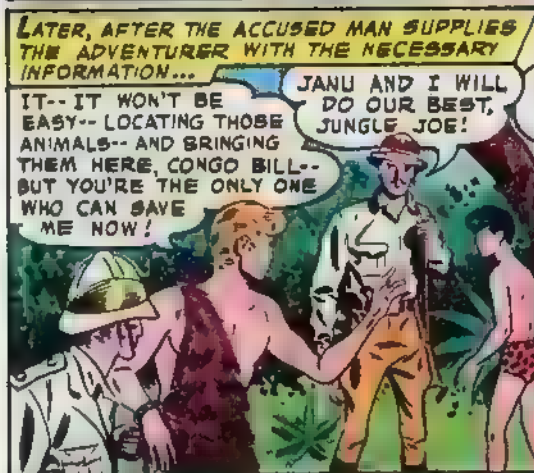


EVEN-- EVEN IF THAT WLD STORY IS TRUE, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO-- SEND OUT A SUMMONS TO THOSE FOUR- LEGGED EYEWITNESSES SO THEY CAN TESTIFY?

NO, YOUR HONOR-- I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!

I CAN DESCRIBE THE ANIMALS WHO WITNESSED THE CRIME-- AND CONGO BILL CAN BRING THEM HERE!

WELL... IF CONGO BILL PROMISES TO DO THAT... I'LL DECLARE A RECESS FOR 24 HOURS!



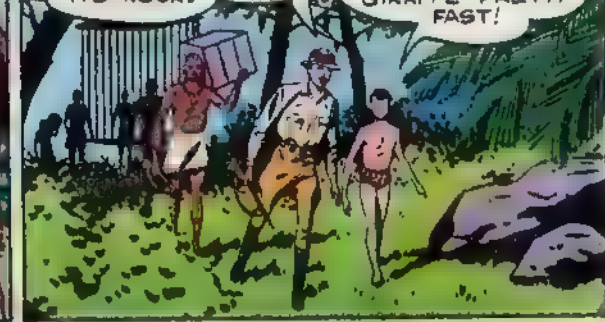
LATER, AFTER THE ACCUSED MAN SUPPLIES THE ADVENTURER WITH THE NECESSARY INFORMATION...

IT-- IT WON'T BE EASY-- LOCATING THOSE ANIMALS-- AND BRINGING THEM HERE, CONGO BILL-- BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE ME NOW!

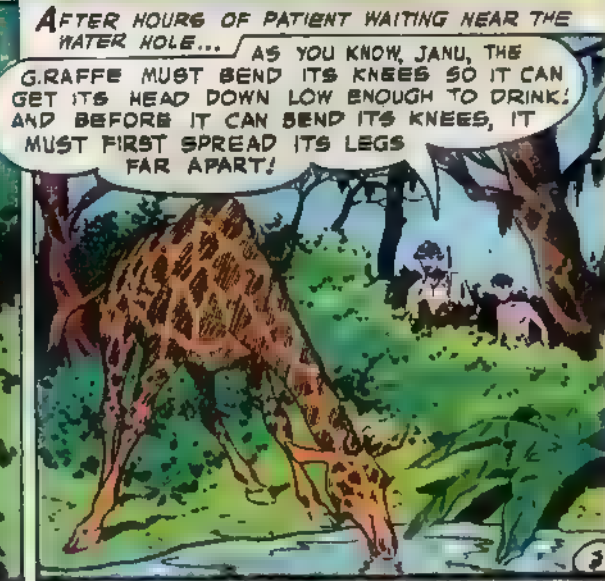
JANU AND I WILL DO OUR BEST, JUNGLE JOE!

JANU, THE GIRAFFE WE'RE LOOKING FOR HAS A THIN WHITE LINE RUNNING DOWN ITS NECK!

I NOT THINK IT HARD TO SPOT HIM, CONGO BILL-- BUT HOW WE CATCH HIM? GIRAFFE PRETTY FAST!

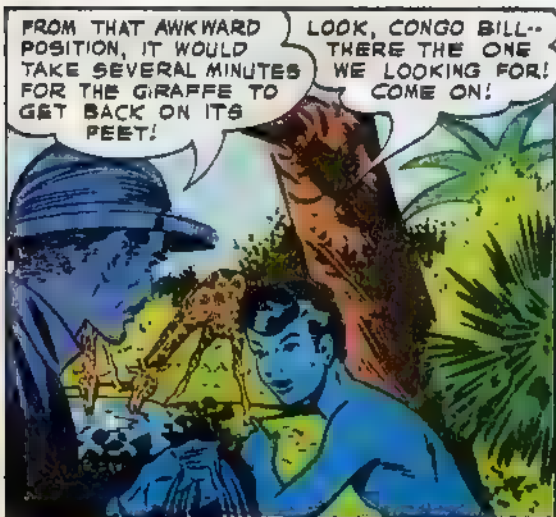


A WATER HOLE IS THE ONLY PLACE TO CATCH A GIRAFFE! THERE'S A BIG ONE DEAD AHEAD! LET'S GO, JANU!



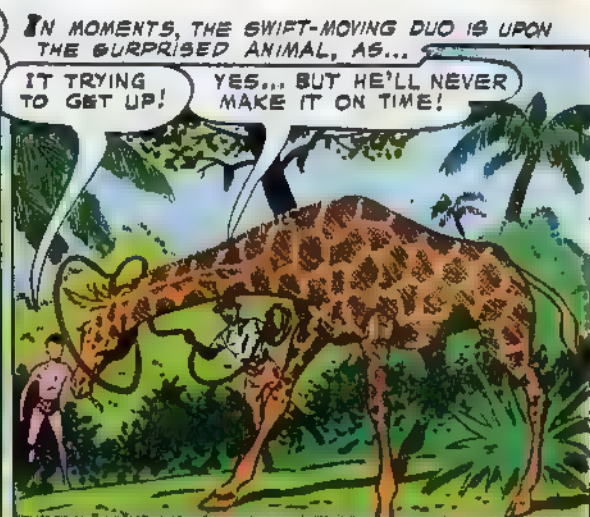
AFTER HOURS OF PATIENT WAITING NEAR THE WATER HOLE...

AS YOU KNOW, JANU, THE GIRAFFE MUST BEND ITS KNEES SO IT CAN GET ITS HEAD DOWN LOW ENOUGH TO DRINK! AND BEFORE IT CAN BEND ITS KNEES, IT MUST FIRST SPREAD ITS LEGS FAR APART!



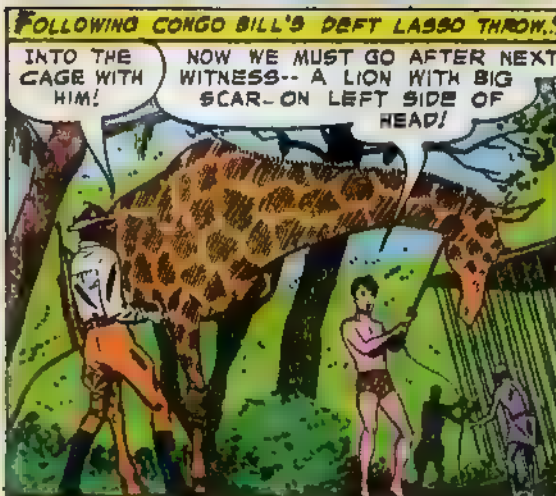
FROM THAT AWKWARD POSITION, IT WOULD TAKE SEVERAL MINUTES FOR THE GIRAFFE TO GET BACK ON ITS FEET!

LOOK, CONGO BILL-- THERE THE ONE WE LOOKING FOR! COME ON!



IT TRYING TO GET UP!

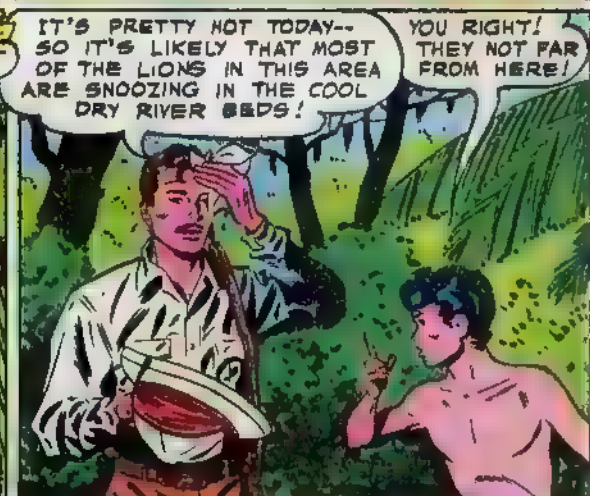
YES... BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT ON TIME!



FOLLOWING CONGO BILL'S DEFT LASSO THROW...

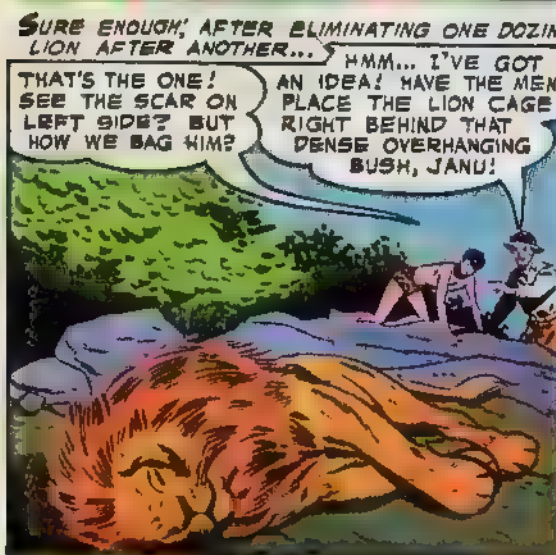
INTO THE CAGE WITH HIM!

NOW WE MUST GO AFTER NEXT WITNESS-- A LION WITH BIG SCAR-ON LEFT SIDE OF HEAD!



IT'S PRETTY HOT TODAY-- SO IT'S LIKELY THAT MOST OF THE LIONS IN THIS AREA ARE SNOOZING IN THE COOL DRY RIVER BEDS!

YOU RIGHT! THEY NOT FAR FROM HERE!



SURE ENOUGH, AFTER ELIMINATING ONE DOZING LION AFTER ANOTHER...

THAT'S THE ONE! SEE THE SCAR ON LEFT SIDE? BUT HOW WE BAG HIM?

HMM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA! HAVE THE MEN PLACE THE LION CAGE RIGHT BEHIND THAT DENSE OVERHANGING BUSH, JANU!

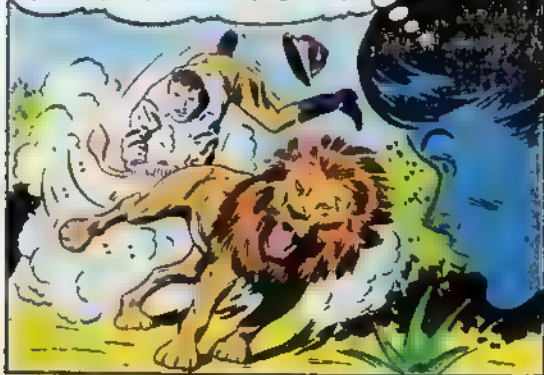


SOUNDLESSLY... THE MAN OF THE JUNGLE STEALTHILY CREEPS THROUGH THE TALL GRASS. AND THEN, JUST AS THE SLEEPING BEAST AWAKENS...

GOT IT!

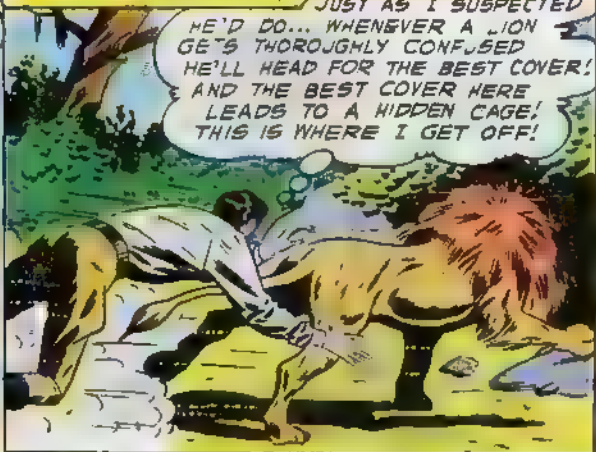
NEXT INSTANT, WHILE THE CONFUSED LION LASHES ABOUT...

N-NOT EVEN FAMOUS NATIVE MASAI SPEARMEN CAN HOLD ON TO LION'S TAIL SO LONG-- AND WTHOUT HELP!... I--I HOPE CONGO BILL'S PLAN WORK O.K. AND IT BETTER BE SOON!



UNABLE TO THROW OFF ITS BURDEN, THE DESPERATE ANIMAL MAKES ITS FINAL BID FOR FREEDOM...

JUST AS I SUSPECTED HE'D DO... WHENEVER A LION GETS THOROUGHLY CONFUSED HE'LL HEAD FOR THE BEST COVER! AND THE BEST COVER HERE LEADS TO A HIDDEN CAGE! THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!



MOMENTS LATER...

READY FOR NEXT WITNESS, CONGO BILL? HE BIG BABOON, WITH RING AROUND EYE! HE LAST SEEN ALONE ON TREE NEAR MONKEY CAVES!

HMM...IF HE WAS BY HIMSELF, CHANCES ARE HE'S A SENTRY FOR THE BABOON TRIBE! AND HE SHOULD BE EASY TO BAG!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FAR-FAMED EXPLORER GUESSES RIGHT, AND AFTER LOCATING HIS FINAL QUARRY...

BETTER GET YOURSELVES ANOTHER SENTRY, PALS-- UNTIL I CAN BRING THIS ONE BACK TO YOU!



HOURS LATER, JUST AS THE AMAZING TRIAL IS ABOUT TO RESUME...

YOUR HONOR-- I WISH TO INTRODUCE THE THREE ANIMAL WITNESSES WHO ARE READY TO TESTIFY IN BEHALF OF THE DEFENDANT!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE FIRST THAT JUNGLE JOE AND THESE ANIMALS CAN REALLY TALK TO EACH OTHER!

YOUR HONOR, I EXPECTED YOU'D DEMAND SOME PROOF-- THEREFORE I'LL PLACE THIS BLINDFOLD OVER JUNGLE JOE'S EYES-- AND YOU CAN GIVE HIM ANY TEST YOU WISH!



NEXT INSTANT...

VERY WELL... **JUNGLE JOE**, ORDER THE ANIMALS TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW-- THEN LET THEM TELL YOU WHAT THEY SEE!

YES, JUDGE... GRUUMMP!... EEK-I-CHEE-CHEEK!

THEN, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF EVERYONE...

KEE-I-KIYA!... GRRR-GRUMMP!

THEY'RE TELLING ME THAT A--A PROCESSION OF PAINTED WARRIORS IS PASSING BY!

AMAZING! BUT I'M CONVINCED! NOW TELL THOSE ANIMALS TO POINT OUT THE MAN IN THIS COURT-ROOM WHO REALLY STOLE THOSE IVORY TUSKS! AND NO HELP FROM ANYONE!

AFTER JUNGLE JOE TRANSLATES THE JUDGE'S REQUEST INTO THREE ANIMAL LANGUAGES...

THE GIRAFFE AND THE BABOON-- THEY'RE BOTH ACCUSING ROGER OAKES!

BUT...

WAIT A MINUTE--THE LION-- IT ISN'T SURE! AND HIS EVIDENCE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THOSE OTHER ANIMALS-- BECAUSE HIS EYESIGHT IS BETTER!

THAT'S TRUE!

SUDDENLY...
GRRRRUH!

THERE! THE LION HAS NOW ACCUSED HIM, TOO!

THAT SETTLES IT!... BUT TELL ME, **JUNGLE JOE**-- WHAT MADE THE LION HESITATE SO LONG IN REPLYING?

W-WELL, YOUR HONOR... I-I SUPPOSE IT SOUNDS SILLY... BUT, YOU SEE... THE LION STUTTERS!

THE END.

THE MAN WHO BATTLED PAIN

NURSE CONLEY'S eyes darted from the grim-faced Dr. James Simpson to the unconscious girl upon whom he was operating.

The noted surgeon's fingers were working with incredible speed as they skillfully sought to repair the damage done by a ruptured appendix. The scalpel in his hand glinted under the bright lights of the Scottish hospital's operating room.

Suddenly, Nurse Conley noticed an almost imperceptible flicker of the patient's eyelashes. "Hurry, Dr. Simpson!" she whispered.

The surgeon stole a swift glance at the chalk-white face of his pretty patient, saw her lips compress. His fingers flew.

"I must finish before she comes out of the anesthetic—I must!" he silently said.

The strange race between a doctor's operating hands, and the returning consciousness of a patient, was a common contest back in 1840. Anesthetics were crude and unpredictable in those days—and no surgeon starting a major operation could know beforehand if his patient would remain blissfully unconscious throughout the entire operation. Should one awake, the shock of the sudden excruciating pain almost always brought instant death.

Dr. Simpson, like every other surgeon of his day, had lost many races before. Would he lose this one, too?

His fingers flew on, while his eyes darted from the operating area to the already grimacing features on the patient's face. Finally, Simpson called out "Suture," and a moment later, he stepped away.

As he was leaving the operating room, he heard the moans of his awakening patient.

"She'll suffer great pain," said Nurse Conley, comfortingly, "but at least, she will live."

"Yes," agreed the surgeon, "we won this time. But what about the next time? And the one after?"

And then, the great surgeon sank down on a chair in the corridor, and sobbed as he covered his face with both hands. "My mind is haunted by the screams of dying patients who have become conscious under the knife," he said. "And all the scientists in Scotland—and all over the world—can't do anything about it. Nurse—surgery can go no further until someone finds a safe, sure anesthetic!"

Suddenly, the surgeon straightened, in control of himself. Hardly had the echo of his

outcry died away in the gleaming white corridor, than he added in a low, determined voice: "I'm going to find it, Nurse—I'm going to find the thing that will kill pain!"

From that time on, Dr. James Simpson spent every available hour on his experiments. But he had to conduct them in secrecy, for many notable doctors of the period sincerely believed that no true, safe anesthetic would ever be found.

In the meantime, Simpson's surgical successes had won him the coveted post of president of the Royal Medical Society in England, and he had been knighted. He was now Sir James Young Simpson. But, with all his renown, he still did not dare to conduct his experiments openly.

It was just as well, for every combination of chemicals had failed.

Then, alone in his laboratory one night in March, his eyes wandered to the calendar. 1847! Would this be the year?

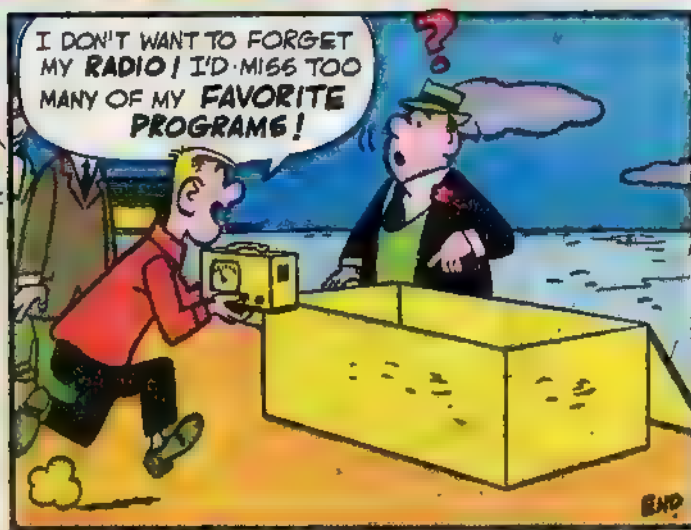
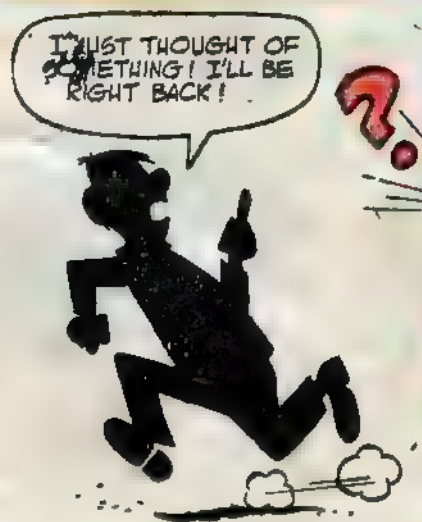
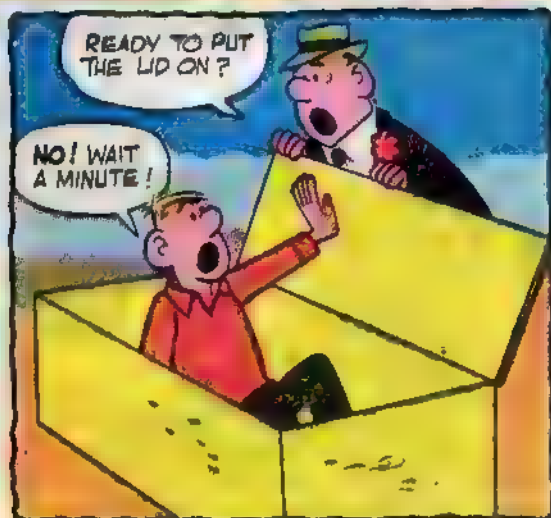
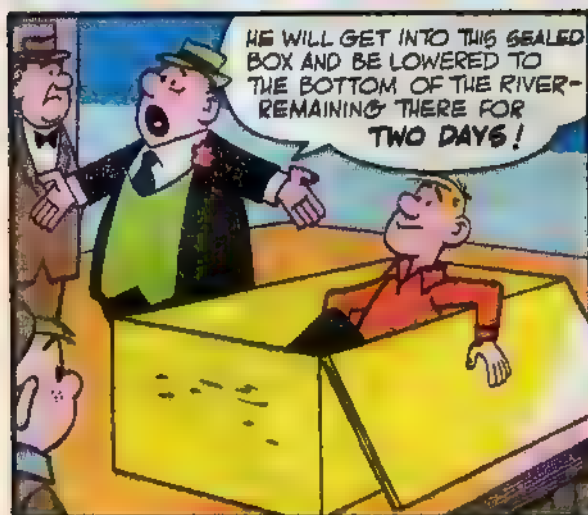
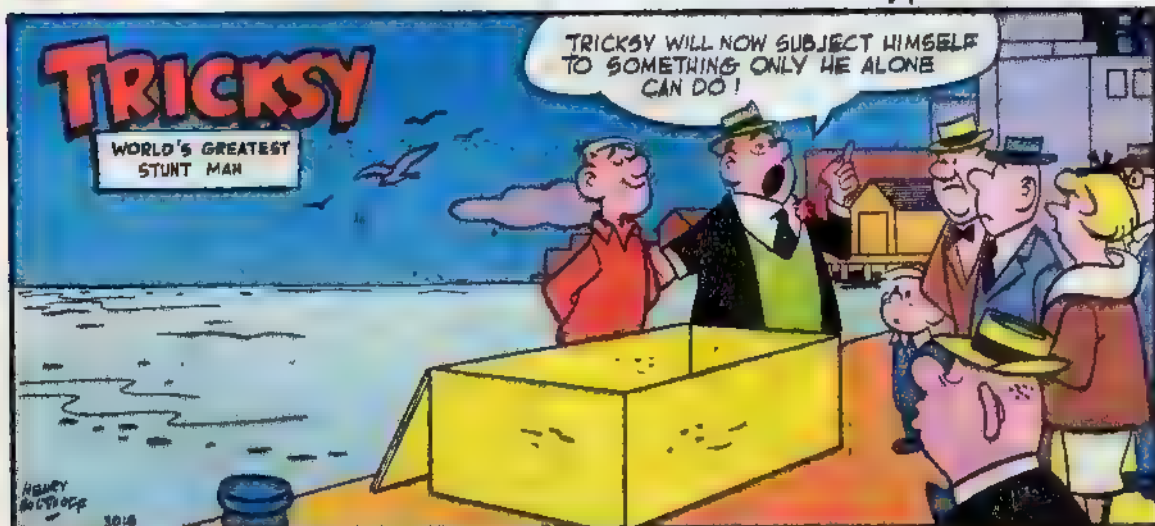
Hopefully, he fingered a small glass vial on his desk. A chemical analysis indicated that the substance contained in this bottle might possess pain-killing qualities. But it had never been administered to a human being. For some anesthetics were too good—they put the patient into a deep sleep from which he never awoke.

Dr. Simpson peered hard at the vial on his desk—then made a determined decision. Calling in his two assistants, he calmly instructed that he himself be given the new anesthetic.

Ignoring their protests, he gave crisp commands: "Sprinkle the contents of the bottle on this towel. Then hold it over my face. I will inhale the fumes. When I am asleep, stick a needle in my feet . . . to see if the pain awakens me."

Dr. Simpson began inhaling the sickening, sweetish odor until the room began to swim. Then he fell into a deep, heavy slumber. To his frantic assistants, it seemed an eternity before they were able to revive him, for the surgeon had taken so much of the new drug that he had almost died.

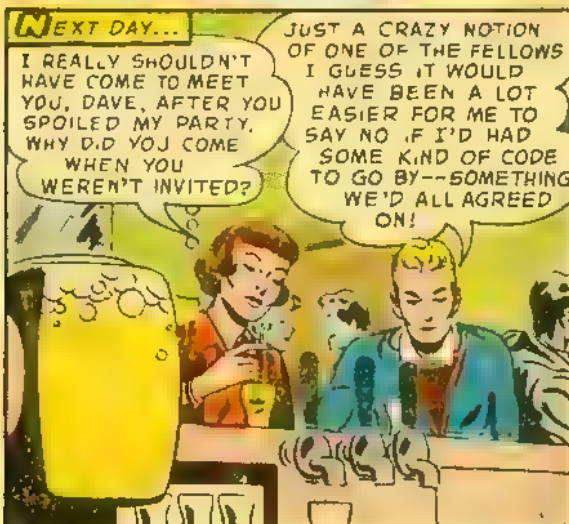
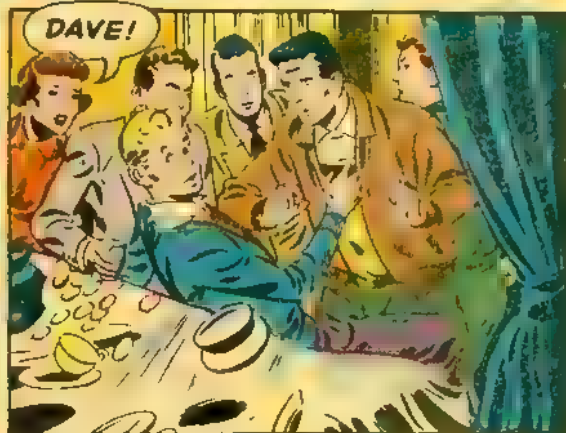
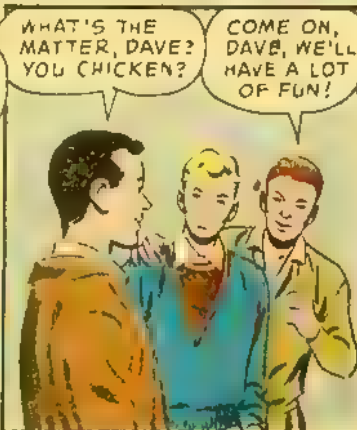
But the experiment made medical history. For Dr. James Simpson had proved that the new drug—chloroform—was a perfect anesthetic. Dr. Simpson had won his life-long battle against pain.



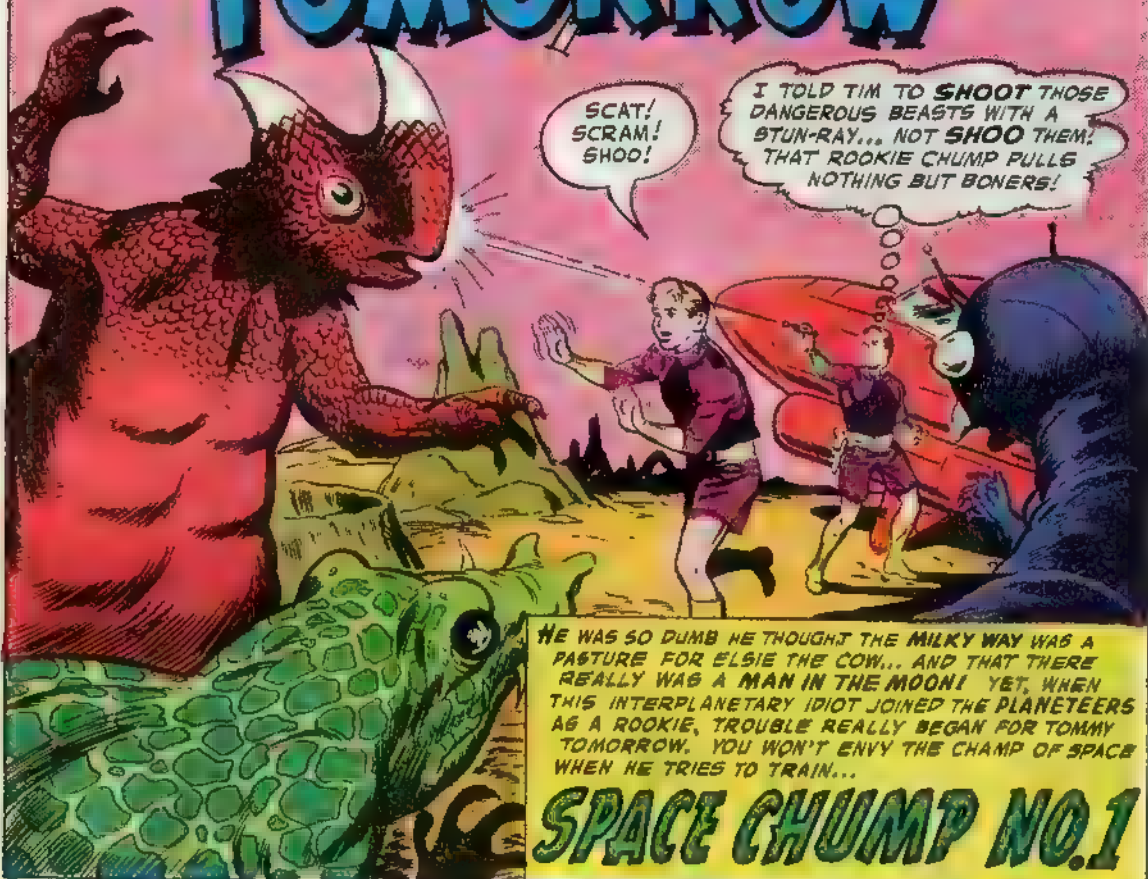
WANTED: A TEEN-AGE CODE



GOSH, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD... I WASN'T INVITED!



Tommy TOMORROW



SPACE CHUMP NO.1

ONE MORNING IN THE YEAR 2058, AGENT TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS REPORTS TO HEADQUARTERS ON EARTH...

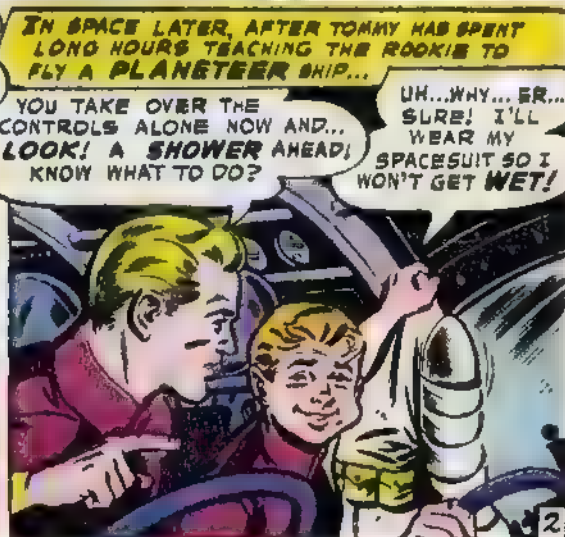
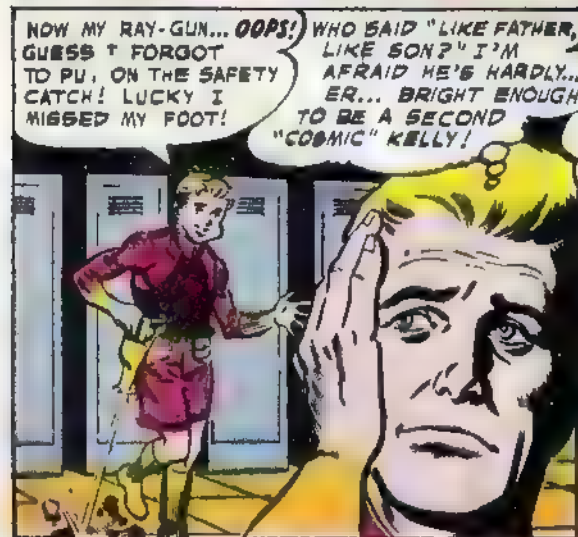
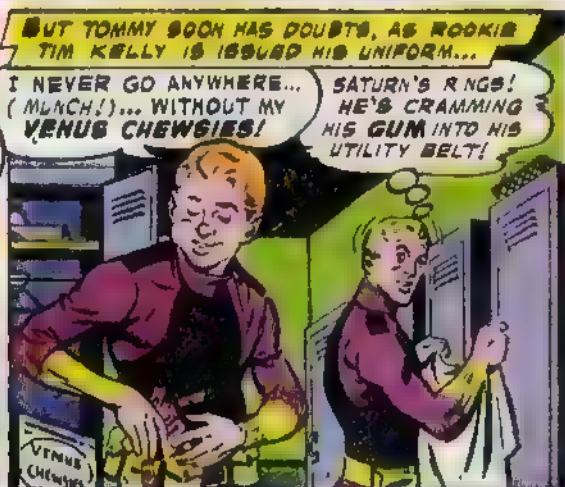
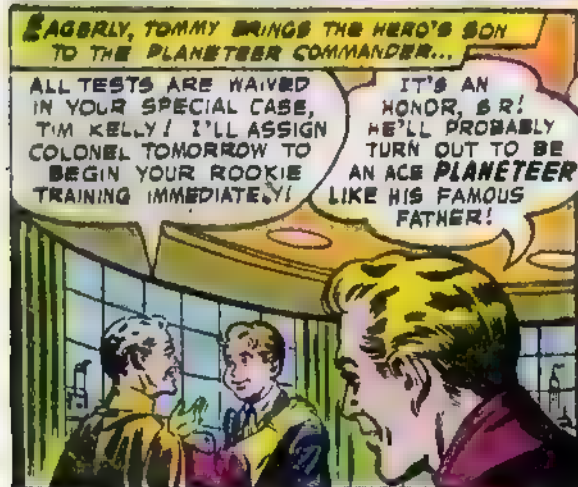
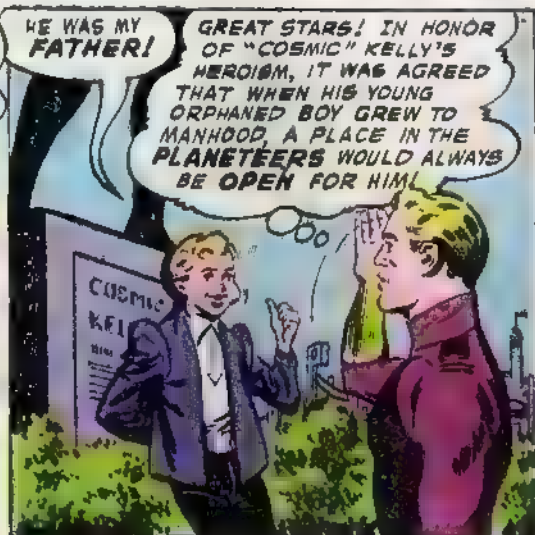
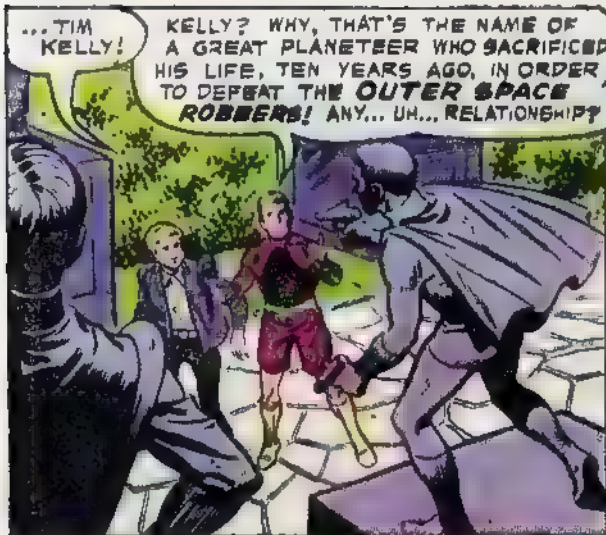
SAY... IS THIS WHERE I... (CHEW!)... SIGN UP TO JOIN THE PLANETEERS, COLONEL?

YES, BUT IT'S NOT EASY TO PASS THE RIGID ENTRANCE TESTS! MOST APPLICANTS FLUNK OUT!

PLANETEERS

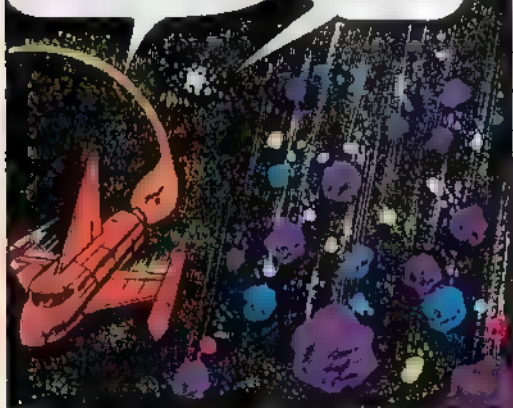
BESIDES, THERE ARE NO OPENINGS IN THE PLANETEERS RIGHT NOW!

JUST MY LUCK! WELL... (CHEW!) PUT ME ON THE WAITING LIST! MY NAME IS...

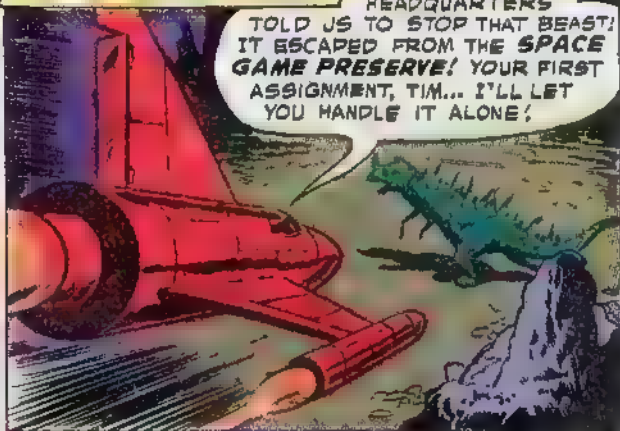


BUT THERE'S NO RAIN IN SPACE, TIM! HURRY... TURN THE SHIP!

OH! YOU MEANT... UH... A METEOR SHOWER!



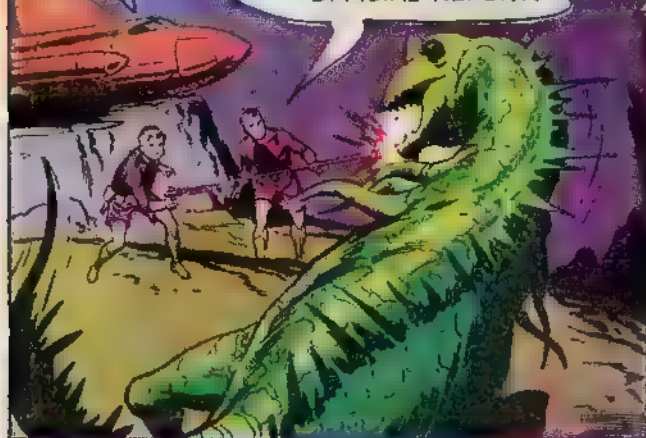
PRESENTLY, AN URGENT RADIO CALL SENDS THEM TO AN ASTEROID WHERE...



HEADQUARTERS TOLD US TO STOP THAT BEAST! IT ESCAPED FROM THE SPACE GAME PRESERVE! YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT, TIM... I'LL LET YOU HANDLE IT ALONE!

I SET MY RAY-GUN TO MERELY STUN THE MONSTER!

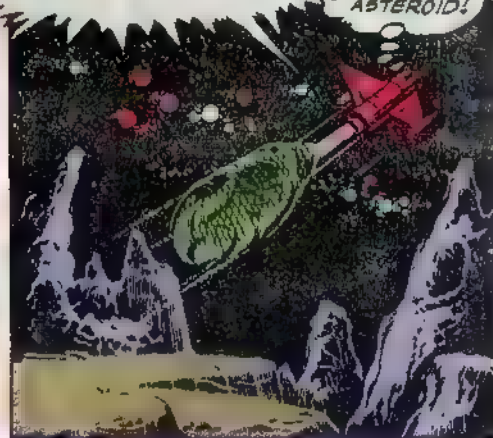
GOOD WORK, TIM! NOW TOW IT BACK TO THE GAME PRESERVE! THEN CONTACT SPACE INFORMATION BY RADIO FOR THE NAME OF THIS ASTEROID AND MAKE OUT THE OFFICIAL REPORT!



BUT WHILE TOMMY TAKES A NAP... HUH?

SPACE INFORMATION REPORTING... THE NATIVE NAME OF ASTEROID X-33 IS VIXUNJUKAZIA!

THEN I'LL TOW THE BEAST TO THE NEXT ASTEROID!



WHEN TOMMY AWAKENS...

GOSH, I COULDN'T EVEN SPELL THAT OTHER ASTEROID'S NAME! THIS ONE IS NAMED AFTER AN EXPLORER... SMITH ASTEROID!

JUMPING JUPITER! HE HAULED THE BEAST ONE MILLION MILES ACROSS SPACE IN ORDER TO WRITE AN EASIER NAME IN HIS OFFICIAL REPORT!

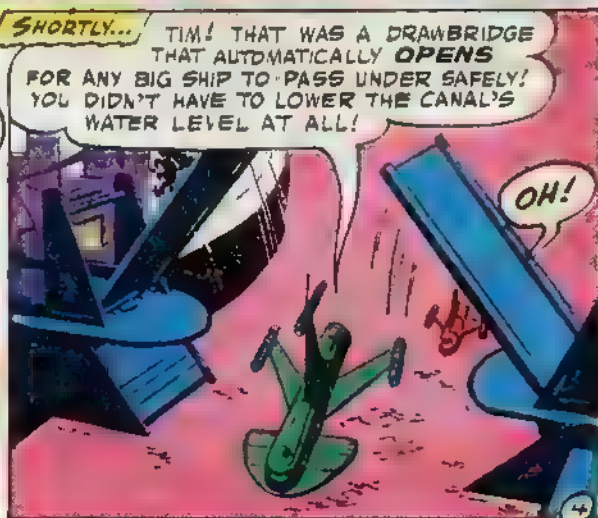
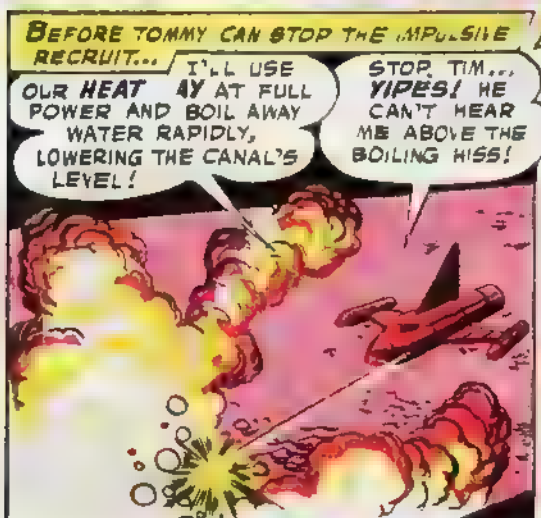
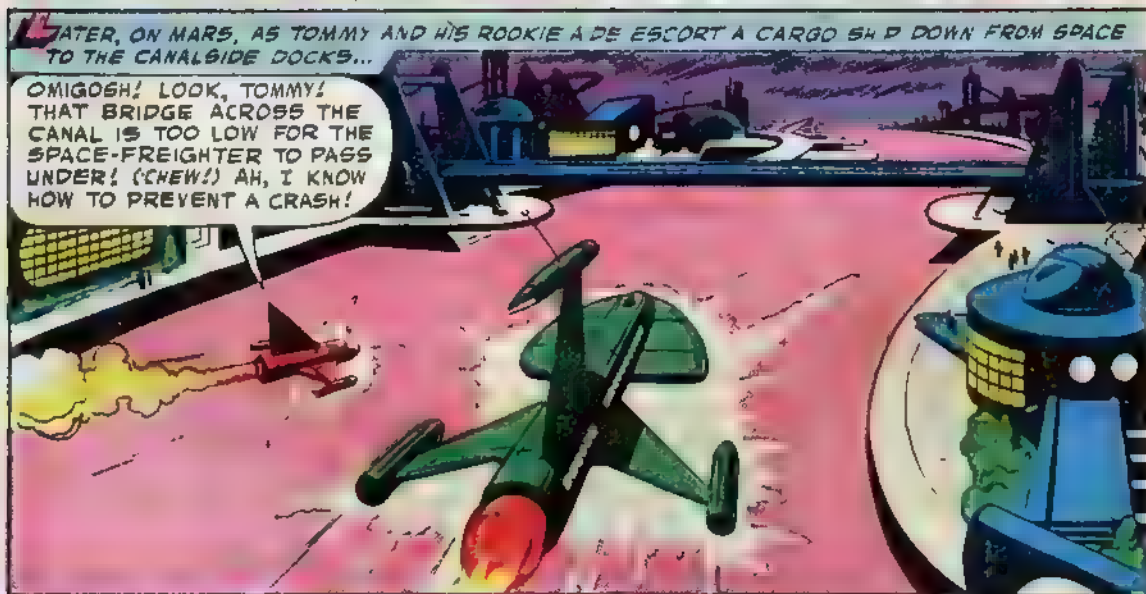
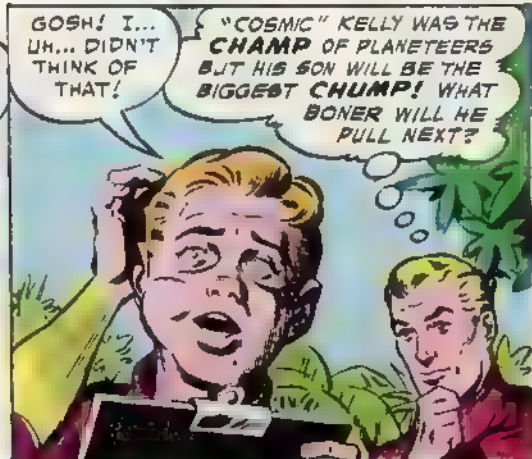
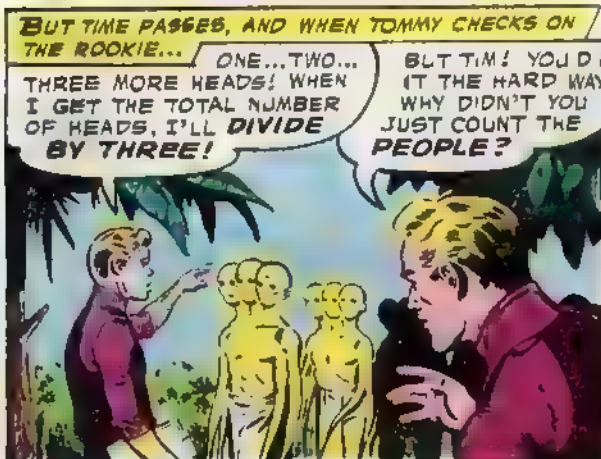


THEIR NEXT ASSIGNMENT TAKES THEM TO A NEWLY-DISCOVERED TRIBE OF STRANGE PEOPLE ON ANOTHER WORLD, WHERE...

GOSH, THREE-HEADED PEOPLE! I'M TO TAKE THEIR CENSUS!

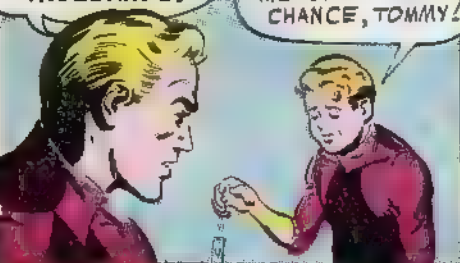
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE HIM LONG, AS IT'S A SMALL TRIBE! EVEN TIM CAN'T FLUB THIS SIMPLE JOB!





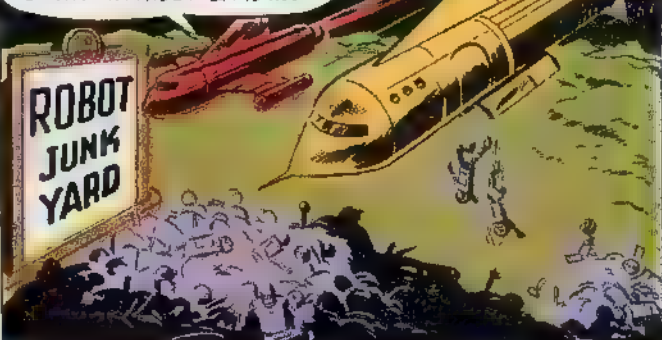
MARS IS A DRY WORLD WHERE WATER IS PRECIOUS! THE PLANETEERS WILL BE FINED ONE DOLLAR FOR EVERY GALLON WASTED-- AND YOU'VE WASTED THOUSANDS!

GOLLY, I'M DIGGRACING THE PLANETEERS. I--I FEEL SO BAD I CAN'T EVEN ENJOY VENUS CHEWSIES! (CHEW!) BUT GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE, TOMMY!



TOMMY AGREES, AS THEY NEXT ESCORT A SHIP WITH A SPECIAL CARGO...

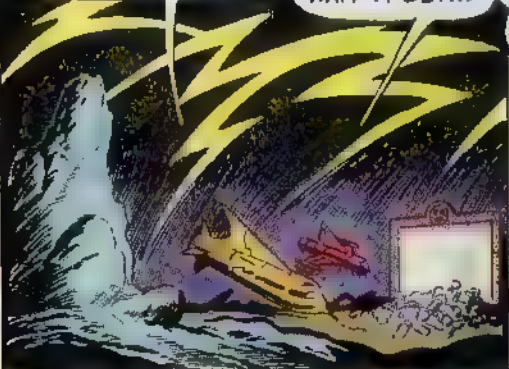
ALL DANGEROUS ROBOTS ARE DUMPED HERE! WE'LL LEAVE WITHOUT LANDING!



BUT WHEN ADVERSE FLYING CONDITIONS SUDDENLY ARISE...

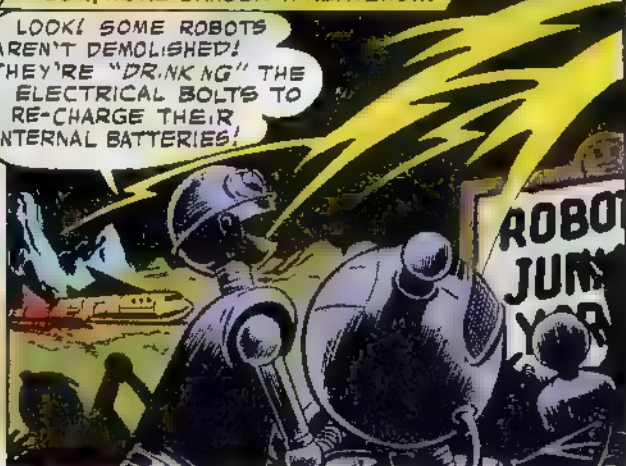
A VIOLENT LIGHTNING STORM BROKE OUT!

WE'LL HAVE TO LAND AND WAIT IT OUT!..

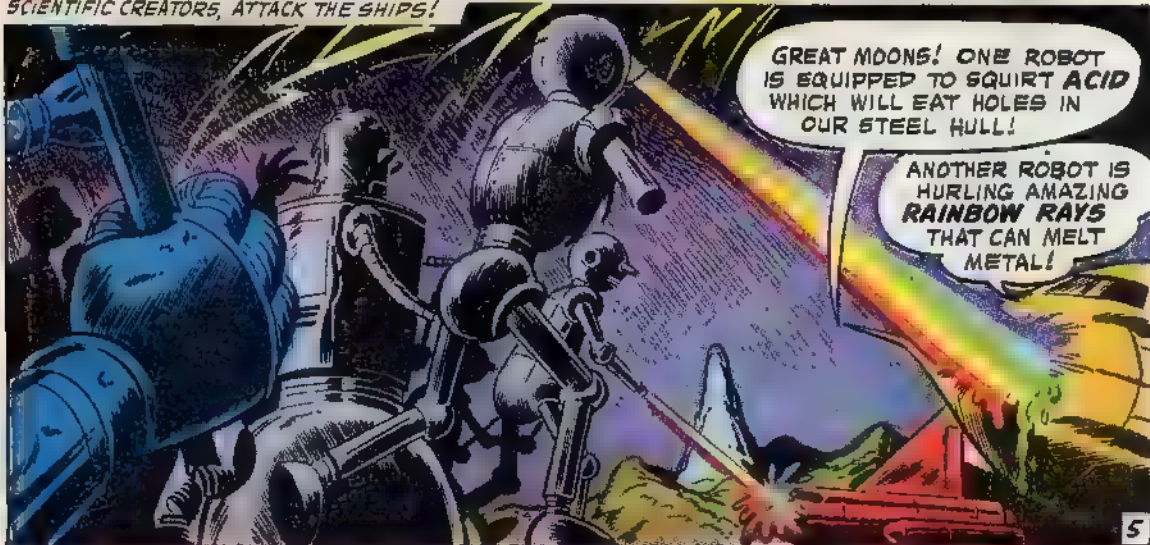


SOON, MORE DANGER THREATENS...

LOOK! SOME ROBOTS AREN'T DEMOLISHED! THEY'RE "DRINKING" THE ELECTRICAL BOLTS TO RE-CHARGE THEIR INTERNAL BATTERIES!



COMING TO LIFE, DANGEROUS ROBOT "FRANKENSTEINS" THAT WERE DISCARDED BY THEIR SCIENTIFIC CREATORS, ATTACK THE SHIPS!

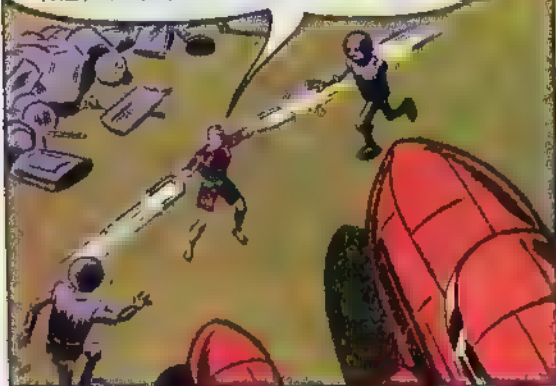


GREAT MOONS! ONE ROBOT IS EQUIPPED TO SQUIRT ACID WHICH WILL EAT HOLES IN OUR STEEL HULL!

ANOTHER ROBOT IS HURLING AMAZING RAINBOW RAYS THAT CAN MELT METAL!

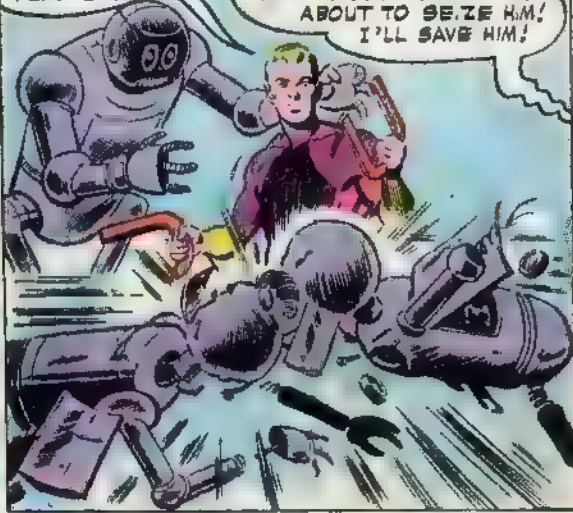
RISKING HIS LIFE, TOMMY TOMORROW RUSHES FORTH TO BATTLE THE ROBOTS, WITH AN INGENUOUS STRATEGY...

TWO ROBOTS RUSHED ME FROM BOTH SIDES! BUT THESE MAGNETS WILL PULL THEM TOWARD EACH OTHER SO FAST THAT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP!



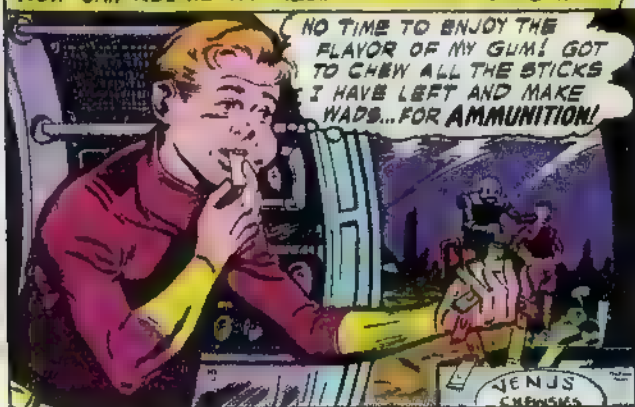
THEY SMASHED HEAD-ON!

BUT TOMMY DOESN'T SEE THAT ROBOT BEHIND HIM, ABOUT TO SEIZE HIM! I'LL SAVE HIM!

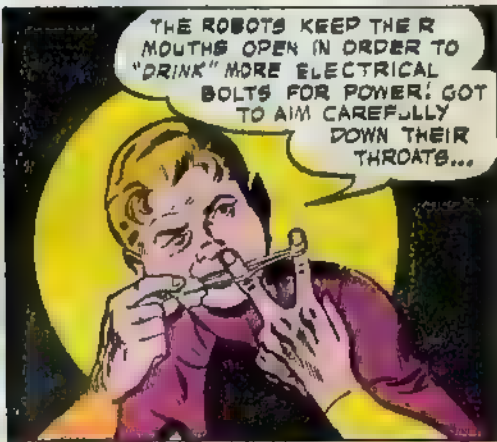


HOW CAN ROOKIE TIM KELLY AID TOMMY THIS WAY?

NO TIME TO ENJOY THE FLAVOR OF MY GUM! GOT TO CHEW ALL THE STICKS I HAVE LEFT AND MAKE WADS... FOR AMMUNITION!



THE ROBOTS KEEP THEIR MOUTHS OPEN IN ORDER TO "DRINK" MORE ELECTRICAL BOLTS FOR POWER! GOT TO AIM CAREFULLY DOWN THEIR THROATS...



AND AS THE MISSILES OF GUM REACH THEIR TARGET...

ROOKIE TIM KELLY SAVED THE DAY FOR ONCE! HIS WADS OF GUM WERE SWALLOWED BY THE ROBOTS... AND THEY "GUMMED UP" THEIR INTERNAL MACHINERY, CAUSING THEM TO CRASH!



LATER, BACK AT HEADQUARTERS ON EARTH...

THE MANUFACTURERS OF VENUS CHEWSIES GOT SO MUCH PUBLICITY FROM MY STUNT OF "GUMMING UP" THE ROBOTS THAT THEY OFFERED ME A BIG JOB AS A SALESMAN FOR THEM. I'M SORRY I HAVE TO WALK OUT ON THE PLANETEERS-- BUT I CAN'T TURN DOWN THIS OPPORTUNITY!

WE'LL TRY TO...ER... GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU, TIM! GOOD LUCK!



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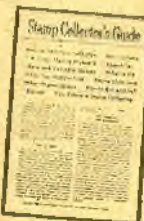
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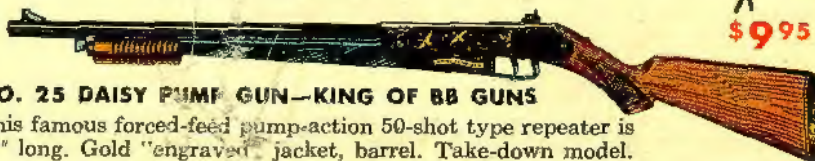


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